National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

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Selections.

From the North British (Glasgow) Mail.

American Fugitive Slave Bill.

LAST night, a public meeting of the members and friends of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, and of all friendly to the universal abolition of Slavery, was held in the City Hall. The Hon. Alex. Hastie, Esq., M. P. occupied the Chair. On the platform, among others, we observed the Rev. Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, Rev. George Ingram, Rev. Geo. Jeffrey, Rev. David Johnstone, Rev. John Graham: Councillors J. W. M' Gregor, P. M'Ara, W. Cochran, R. Galt; Messrs. J. B. Ross, Robert Kaye, David Hope, Andrew Paton, James Cowper, William Smeal, John Knox, Andrew Inglis, George Gallie, Robert Goodwin, James Turner, W. Turner, James Buchanan, James Roy, Geo. Roy, Samuel Wilson, James Clark, —— Craig, Archibald Kerr, William Freckleton, F. B. Stewart, Eben. Anderson, James Rattray, &c. On the platform were also Messrs. W. Wells Brown and W. Craft, the latter accompanied by his wife, an intelligent and rather good-looking young woman. No one would have thought there were any appearances of her being a colored person.

Mr. HASTIE having taken the chair rose and said: At the request of the Committee of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, now confirmed by you, I very willingly and cheerfully take the chair this evening. (Cheers.) The meetings of this society have of late years neither been so numerous, nor causes arisen so clamant as existed some years ago as to render it necessary to lay our proceedings frequently before the public. But, notwithstanding, the Society has neither been dead nor sleeping; for it is only a few months ago since a large meeting of the citizens of Glasgow took place within this hall, partly under the auspices of this Society, for the purpose of remonstrating with her Majesty's Government upon the nonfulfilment of the slave trade treaties between this country and the Governments of Spain, Portugal, and Brazils. I am happy to think that out of that meeting and similar meetings in other parts of the country, good has already arisen. The Brazilian Government have declared the slave trade to be piracy, and manifested their sincerity and earnestness by having seized several vessels fitted out for the slave trade, and imprisoned their owners. (Cheers.) Our own Government have here also acted with additional activity. They recalled, or are recalling, the present ineffective squadron of sailing vessels stationed on the coast of Africa, and are substituting in their places thirty-two steam frigates and sloops, whose more active and efficient services will it is to be hoped, free this long afflicted coast from this most iniquitous trade. (Cheers.) Since the period to which I have referred, another feature connected with Slavery has sprung up—one in which I am fearful Parliament cannot interfere, but which the condemnation and reprobation of meetings, such as the present, may have influence in repealing—I mean the Fugitive Slave Bill of the United States.—From the ease and quietness with which this most iniquitous bill passed through the various legislative bodies of that great Republic, I am almost tempted to believe it has been passed with the connivance of the Abolitionists of the United States; they calculating that the revulsion of feeling which would be excited from the iniquity and oppression of this measure would not only sweep from their statute book this atrocious law, but Slavery itself. (Cheers.)—Holding, as I do, that man can legally have no property in his fellow man, it is the duty of the slave to escape from Slavery, and, once a freeman, to resist again being carried into bondage. Impressed with these sentiments, I have no hesitation in giving to those who are the principal objects of our meeting this evening my sympathy, and to hope that meetings, such as the present, may widely extend over this country, and that they may not be without their legitimate influence in the United States of America. (Cheers.) The Chairman concluded by calling on

Mr. W. SMEAL, who read the following report:—

After many years of exciting and laborious effort in the cause of emancipation, there has ensued in the history of this Society a period of comparative inaction. This has arisen from various causes, the chief of these being, that for several years prior to 1847, the expenditure had exceeded the income, which induced the Committee, soon after the last public meeting, to adopt the resolution of endeavoring to liquidate the debt of the Society. Hence there has been no public meeting held since the above date. The claims against the Committee being now, however, considerably reduced, the present crisis in the Anti-Slavery cause appeared to call for a renewal of effort, and this meeting has been occasioned by the arrival, in this country, of the three interesting fugitives now on our platform.

Your Committee were not, during the interval above referred to, altogether inactive; but by the circulation of pamphlets, Anti-Slavery newspapers, the presenting of petitions to Parliament, memorials to Government, and remonstrances with other bodies on different branches of the question, they have endeavored to keep public feeling awake to the great cause of human freedom.

The balance due by the Society at its last anniversary meeting was £147 15s 10d. The amount of subscriptions and donations received from that time to the present amounts to £174 10s 2d, and the expenditure to £207 10s 1d, there being still claims owing by the Committee amounting to £32 10s 11d, which sum, however, they trust the wonted liberality of the members and friends of the Society will, ere long enable them to discharge, and not only so, but to carry on with renewed vigor the contest in behalf of universal emancipation. This is the object for which the Society was established; and when we think that there are still held in bondage by States professedly Christian, between five and six millions of human beings, and more than half of these by republican America, we have but too much cause anew to buckle on our armor, and manfully wield every moral and pacific and Christian means for the extinction of so atrocious a system.

Your Committee have to mourn the loss of their long-valued and indefatigable Secretary, Mr. John Murray, and they deem it due to his memory here to introduce the following minute, in testimony of their respect for his character and services in the cause of oppressed humanity:—

"At a meeting of the Committee held 12th Febuary, 1850, Bailie Turner in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"This Committe feels it to be a duty, at this first meeting since the death of Mr. John Murray, their senior Secretary, to record its sense of the loss we have sustained by his decease. Having acted in that capacity for a period of twenty-seven years, this Committee were deeply indebted to him for his valuable services, and had occasion at all times to admire his unwavering attachment to the cause of the slave.

"Mr. Murray having resided for ten years in the West Indies, and witnessed the horrors and atrocities of the slave system, his mind appeared to have become so thoroughly imbued with a sense of its wickedness that ever after his return to this country he considered it not only his duty, but it seemed his chief concern, to labor for its extinction.

"When, through the blessing of Providence, the efforts of the Abolitionits are crowned with success, and British colonial Slavery was happily terminated, Mr. Murray entered no less heartily into the exertions subsequently made to promote universal emancipation. His ardent mind was ever devising measures for the advancement of this great and good object, and his zeal and perseverance in laboring for its accomplishment were unwearied and unremitting.

"May we, the survivors, while regretting his loss, be stimulated by the remembrance of his example: and may there never be wanting those, who like our honored and lamented friend, shall feel it their duty and their privilege to labor in this cause, until, through the blessing of God upon their exertions, there shall not exist on the face of the earth a human being bearing the name of a slave.

"The Committee would also convey to Mr. Murray's widow and family their sincere sympathy with them under this afflicting bereavement; they direct a copy of this minute to be given to Mrs. Murray, and appoint the chairman and Messrs. Patton and Smeal to call upon her and deliver the same."

To succeed Mr. Murray in the Secretaryship, your Committee have appointed Mr. Andrew Paton, and to the list of Vice Presidents of the Society they have added the names of Alexander Hastie, Esq., M. P., and the Rev. George Jeffrey — additions which, they cannot doubt, will be ratified by their constituents.

This report being designedly brief, the Committee are precluded from noticing at any length some of the means recently adopted for the proomtion of the abolition cause. That of free produce we just advert to, and your Committee cannot but desire that this view of the question may obtain increased attention. The success which has thus far attended the efforts of the advocates of the disuse of slave produce, is highly encouraging; and there cannot be a doubt, that if the practice were to become at all a general one, it would exercise a powerful influence in the extinction of the system of Slavery.

To such a mode of aiding the abolition cause, however, Anti-Slavery societies, as such, have not heretofore directed their efforts. The design of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, in common with all similar associations, is, through the purifying and elevating of public sentiment, to abolish the system of Slavery; and through this means mainly have the exertions of abolitionists been rewarded with success. Universal emancipation is our aim:

All men are born by nature free;
All rightful heirs to liberty;
Where'er his home he is our brother,
In spite of language, creed, or color—
And should enjoy unshackled, free.
The grateful sweets of liberty.

Thus catholic in our object, we would also be catholic in our spirit. Holding ourselves responsible for no man's opinions, in other subjects, and conscientiously retaining our own, we yet desire to maintain a platform as broad as humanity, and, repudiating all sectarian animosity, would encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of all who labor for the enfranchisement of the bondman, until "Liberty be proclaimed throughout all lands, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Your committee rejoice in the second visit to the United States of their devoted friend and coadjutor, George Thompson, Esq., M. P. They trust it may tend to the improvement of his health. To the abolitionist of that country, his presence will be animating and encouraging; and we fervently desire, that He who is emphatically the "Preserver of men," may vouchsafe to him his protection and grant him a safe return.

In view of ultimate success the signs of the times are encouraging. In Brazil and in Cuba, there are organizations having for their object the extinction of Slavery. Even in the iniquitous American Fugitive Slave Law, we see hopeful omens. All history goes to establish the fact, that when in the ordering of Almighty wisdom, any great system of iniquity is to be rooted up, the very men who seek to uphold it are made the most efficient instruments in its downfall. So was it with our colonial Slavery: and so your committee have faith to believe it will prove with that of America. That country heaves and boils like a cauldron with the excitement produced by the Fugitive Slave Law;—well is it for the cause of the slave, that the abolitionists are men equal to the emergency; these have our cordial sympathy, and warm desires for their success in the overthrow of Slavery. Heaven grant that it maybe peacefully attained, mid shoutings of universal joy, rather than with confused noise and garments rolled in blood!

The Rev. Mr. JOHNSTON, on coming forward, said, I rise to move the adoption of the report which has just been read. It is a report, sir, which for its originality, its truthfulness, its power, its brevity, and its genuine sympathy with the slave, does honor alike to the head and the heart whence it has emanated. Had mere feeling been consulted I should not have appeared before you this evening, but having a call from duty I did not feel at liberty to resist the invitation to say a few words on behalf of suffering humanity. It may be said, why appear on a British platform to speak of American Slavery. Let brother Jonathan fight his own battle since you have finished yours. There is a fallacy here, for the battle is not Jonathan's any more than it is mine. He may be nearer the field of conflict than I, but, nevertheless, I am as much interested in its issue as he is, because every free citizen of the world has important business to discharge in this war. Sir, the whole human race are members of one great family. We have all a common origin common hopes, and we have a common destiny.—The one Father made, preserves, and governs us all Now, as in the spiritual body so in the natural, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. This a great general principle which is applicable to mankind universally. Wherever then, throughout the wide world, I see or hear of any brother belonging to this great family, who is suffering at the hands of his fellow men, I am bound to let fall the tear of pity for him, to sympathize with him, and to make active and vigorous efforts, if possible to release him from his bonds. It matters not to me whether his skin be red or olive, whether it be black or white, still he is my brother; and I will not cease, while life lasts, to use all lawful endeavors to free my fellow from the power of the oppressor. (Cheers.) I am here to-night to condemn Slavery all over the world, and to hold out the right hand of fellowship to the slave, wherever he is to be found on the surface of our globe. And in acting thus, I am following a high and a nobler leader, for the Great Master himself relieved the needy, sympathized with the afflicted, delivered the oppressed, and opened the prison doors to them who were bound. Sir, we hear much of the glorious American constitution, and without doubt, there is much in it which calls for our admiration. For example, it contains this noble principle, "All men are free and equal, none possessing any hereditary rank or power over another." What, then, are we to make of this great and acknowledged truth?—Why, so far as the Americans are concerned, it is rendered void, for Slavery runs directly in the teeth of this broad and well-defined principle, seeing that they keep upwards of three millions of their colored brethren in the most abject bondage. Here we have liberty recognized in the letter, nay, actually embodied in law, while, in the actual working of that law, human freedom to the colored man is scouted and denied. Here, then, is a complete anomaly, and how to reconcile it with the light and the knowledge which is to be found amongst the American people, we know not. One thing is clear, that the principle is to be found in the constitution, and yet it is entirely set aside, because the Government of that country refuse to give to their colored fellow-subjects their inalienable rights and liberties. But strange to say, while boasting that theirs is the land of freedom, the Americans have the hardihood to justify Slavery. They argue that, since it has become an institution of the country, it must be maintained at all hazards. Such is the way in which President Fillmore and many others settle the slave question. A singular mode of reasoning this, since we have already seen that Slavery formed no part of their original constitution. It is a something which has been added—it is a foul blot upon their national escutcheon—it is the great ulcer which has become incorporated with the American body politic, and the sooner, for all parties, that they get it cut off the better. (Cheers.) Because sin mixes itself up with the affections of man's heart and the actions of his life, is he, therefore, not to seek his entire deliverance from its power? Because the previous tenant who inhabited my dwelling, charmed and fondled a serpent while living therein, am I to do as he did—sitting contented, without getting the vile creature removed or destroyed?—Because certain things have got mixed up with the working of the British Constitution, which are found to be injurious to the welfare of the community, are they, therefore, to be tolerated merely because a few are enriched thereby! I trow not.—(Cheers.) When we see anything which is detrimental to the interests of men, we are morally bound to seek its removal. Slavery is bad—deplorably bad—therefore men are bound to labor for its extinction all over the world. Slavery is an appendage to the American constitution, and, therefore, the citizens of that country are bound to seek its final overthrow. Why, if men are not to attack the evils which necessarily arise from the working of human governments and which soon become incorporated with them, then there is an end to all political reform. But the Americans go further, for they affirm that Slavery is sanctioned by the Bible. Sir, I am not about to enter into the Scripture argument on this question. Were this the time and place, it might be shown, without any great amount of learning or critical acumen, that the Bible condemns Slavery. But the effort is not required on this side the Atlantic, for a Thompson, a Heugh, and a Wardlaw settled that question long since.—And that same advocate whom we have heard discuss the point in this hall, will no doubt set brother Jonathan right on this question, as he has gone to pay him a visit. But, sir, the entire spirit of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is opposed to Slavery. The very genius of Christianity condemns it. What is the grand lesson which the Bible teaches—

"Love to God and love to man."

Now, where there is love to God, man will not be despised. He will be loved, and if loved, then he will never be carried into Slavery. Did God approve of Egyptian Slavery? On the contrary, did he not inflict fearful punishment on the cruel taskmasters of the Israelites. The blessed Redeemer, while he sojourned in our world, gave no countenance to Slavery. He breathed a spirit of love toward all men; and, loving, all men, the desire of his heart was, that mankind universally should enjoy the sweets of freedom. But it has been said, that the Saviour did not rebuke Slavery in Palestine; for a good reason, surely, because there was nothing in the shape of American Slavery in the land of Judea; some attempt to make out that Slavery did exist, but it is vain; for Josephus, who narrates the customs, manners, &c. of the Jews of that age, says nothing about Slavery; nor do the New Testament writers ever give us the remotest hint that Slavery existed in Judea. We do not find that he ever rebuked publicly or privately the sin of suicide. Are we therefore to conclude that he looked complacently on such an awful sin! Assuredly not. His face was set like a flint against all manner of wickedness which was done under the sun, although he did not point out every sin in particular.. Again, Americans say that colored people are an inferior race of beings, and therefore they are to be held in bondage. Sir, it would be about as just to say, every child is an inferior being, therefore every child should be made a slave. What would the mothers of Britain, of America, or of the world say to this? And yet the one conclusion is just as valid as the other. But we may prove that the colored race are not inferior beings thus:—Take a man out from amongst any number: suppose he can speak English. You address him, he listens, he understands, you have opened by your kindly speech the door of his heart. He in turn speaks to you, you listen, you understand; he has captivated your affections, he has won your heart. The result is, that heart speaks to heart all over the world. And there is no inferiority of being, seeing that God made of one blood all the nations of men who dwell on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) Sir, there is no inferiority but what want of education and ignorance makes. Why, so soon as a slave gets his liberty he soon shows himself to be a man possessed of Nature's true nobility. The great reason why the Americans uphold the atrocious slave system is, (although they are unwilling to own it) because it is a lucrative business. It is a well known fact that the slave owners of America are the greatest Mammon worshippers in the world. So anxious are they to get riches that they make merchandise of the bodies and souls of men. They boast of liberty, and yet they traffic in human flesh. They keep three millions of their fellow-men in the most abject bondage. Was there ever such a monopoly of the rights and liberties, of the life and death of men heard of? And this in order that they may scrape a little more golden dust together. I have this faith in the slavecracy of that country that, if Slavery were a losing job, they would disband their slaves to-morrow. (Hear, hear.) Sir, what is to be done for the American slave? A law has passed Congress, and is at present in operation, that if a slave has obtained his freedom, wherever he is found, North or South, free men are to assist in capturing him, and to send him back, "bound hand and foot," to his tormentors. This law sir, will stain the pages of American history. One is almost ready to think that a certain old man at Rome, or that some of the leaders of the Inquisition there, have had something to do with the framing of this obnoxious law. A celebrated British statesman has said that public opinion is more powerful than arms. If so, let the inhabitants of this country do everything in their power to create and send forth a healthy and unmistakeable expression of public opinion against this monstrous law. (Cheers.) Let us, by private intercourse, by lectures, by public meetings, by the pulpit and the press, seek to arouse the feeling and the principle of this great nation; and this will speak with trumpet voice to the people of America. It will tend to raise and foster such a strength of public opinion there, that Slavery itself will fall before it. For sooner will they be able to roll back the course of their own Mississippi, or to stop the wave of the ocean, than they will be able to meet the tide of human opinion when once it has fully set in against Slavery. The conflict has already set in;

"And Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won." (Cheers.)

Mr. Johnstone concluded by moving the following resolution:—

"That the report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated, under the direction of the Committee; also, that the office-bearers and Committee be requested to continue their services; with power, as usual, to add to their number."

Mr. JOHN BARR seconded the motion.

The Rev. Mr. INGRAM proposed the second resolution, as follows:—

"Resolved, That we regard with the utmost detestation, the Fugitive Slave Bill lately passed by the United States Legislature, whereby the whole of that country, Free States and Slave States, has been thrown open to man hunters and man stealers, in direct contradiction of the declaration of their constitution—'That all men are born free and equal.' That we sympathise with the Abolitionists, the free colored people, and the escaped slaves, in the many trials they will be called to bear by this iniquitous law; we would cheer them in the endurance of their trials, and urge them to the continued prosecution of their noble enterprise—the abolition of Slavery, by the assurance that this wickedness is fast coming to an end, viewing the Fugitive Slave Bill as one of the convulsive throes indicating the increasing fears of the slaveholder, and betokening the overthrow of the inhuman and unchristian system:—let the sentiment still be reiterated—No fellowship with slaveholders, religious or political."

This resolution is one, sir, which will require little advocacy before a meeting of the friends of the slave, as, I am certain, all here are. It is now surely too far in the day to make it necessary that any speaker, on an abolition platform, in Britain, should stop to prove to his audience that Slavery, in all its forms, is essentially an evil, and is prohibited by every principle of Scripture. (Cheers.) I will not insult this meeting, sir, by supposing that any one in it could entertain the idea that God's word could give the least semblance, or shadow, of support to man claiming property in the body and soul of his fellow-man. (Cheers.) The Bible classes "men-stealers" among the blackest of characters under the sun. And who are "men-stealers?" All slaveholders are so. To deprive a man of the freedom of his person and his mind is to rob him of all that constitutes him a man,—all that makes him a rational and an accountable being, (Hear, hear.)—Every slave is robbed of this; and he who retains him in bondage is a man-stealer, no matter whether he fill a magistrate's chair, or wear a diploma of doctor in divinity. Every man, sir, who has any love of justice and consistency, cannot but think with feelings of detestation on Slavery, being "legalized" in a country whose constitution declares that "all men are born free and equal." This the constitution of America affirms, and yet she upholds Slavery. But our feelings of detestation increase in intensity when we learn that such a country has passed an act compelling every man in it to assist in recapturing those who have escaped from bondage. It is this act, called the "Fugitive Slave Bill," which my resolution calls on this meeting to judge. It is true, sir, we can pass no judicial sentence upon it, but we can pronounce an opinion of a character far more powerful and telling than any merely legal decision. (Cheers.) We can pronounce a moral verdict upon it, and when such a verdict is passed by an intelligent and virtuous community, there is no law, sir, in the world can stand against it. It was moral verdicts, pronounced by meetings like this, against Slavery in our own colonies, which made Parliament abolish it for ever. (Cheers.) And it has been the moral decisions of the people which have overthrown the most gigantic evils that law ever sanctioned in the land. Yes, sir, and the verdicts of such meetings as the present, have, ere now, carried their moral power across the waters of the Atlantic, and have been felt even within the walls of Congress itself. America's Northern States respect and hail the public opinion of Britain on the subject of abolition; and her Southern States dread it, because they know it has a moral force, before which even American Slavery shall one day fall to rise not again. (Cheers.) Yes, sir, I hesitate not to say, that the moral sentiments of the British people are mightier far than the thunder of British cannon—or the charge of British bayonets—or even the acts of British senates, for these are properly but the instruments which carry out the decisions of public opinion. It is, then, to the bar of public opinion, in so far as this meeting represents it, that we would now bring for judgment America's "Fugitive Slave Bill." And though we arraign this measure before a British tribunal, we shall, to give it justice, try it by American laws. Our first count against this bill is, that it greatly violates the great fundamental law of the constitution of its own country, which is, that "All men are born free and equal." (Cheers.) This bill declares that not only shall a man of color be held as a slave, but it enacts that no white American citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his conscience or the commands of his God respecting the fugitive slave. (Hear, hear.) This bill declares, under heavy penalties, that every person in the United States shall and must become a fugitive slave-hunter. Hear what it says in its 7th section:—"And be it further enacted, That any person who shall, knowingly or willingly, obstruct, hinder, or prevent, such claimant, his agent, or attorney, &c. from arresting such a fugitive, either with or without process, or shall rescue, or attempt to rescue, such fugitive from custody of such claimant, &c., or shall aid, abet, or assist, such a person, directly or indirectly, to escape from such claimant, or his master the slave which is escaped; thou shalt not oppress him." If the authorities demand you to aid them to capture a fugitive, obey God rather than them. (Hear.) Refuse to act as bloodhounds, for God hath not made you dogs, but men; and given your hands not to forge fetters for your brother, but "to loose the bands of wickedness, break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free." (Cheers.) I am well aware, sir, of the terrible sacrifices by which such a course as this must be sustained: but there is no other course marked out by God, and no other by which the abolition of American Slavery can be obtained. Let us cheer on every Abolitionist, then, in this path. Surely, sir, the descendants of the pilgrim fathers will not shrink from any sacrifice or suffering, by which their sacred right to follow the dictates of conscience, and the commands of God can be upheld. They would be unworthy of their heroic and immortal sires if they did; men, who, rather than submit to civil decrees which were hostile to the Word of God, left their native land, braved the dangers of the deep, and preferred to live amid the solitudes and perils of America's vast wilderness, and laid the foundations of a mighty empire which shall yet be both a wonder and a blessing to the world. (Cheers.) Let us hope, sir, that the noble blood of those champions of freedom still flows in the veins of the Abolitionists in America, and that they will be found faithful to the cause of liberty and of God in this, the day of their trial. (Cheers.) Let us remind them, that no noble cause in the world has ever been won without sacrifice and suffering. The liberty which we, as Scotchmen, enjoy, was purchased by the toils, and agonies, and blood of our forefathers. (Loud cheers.) Yes, sir, and we would spill our own blood also, rather than lose that freedom, and not be able to bequeath it as a legacy to the generation that follws us. (Cheers.) Providence is now calling on the American friends of the slave to purchase the abolition of Slavery by heavy losses and privations; and if they only endure for a season, the victory will be theirs. The moral influence of their sufferings in behalf of the slave will soon tell upon the country and the Government, with a might which they shall feel impolitic either to despise or oppose; and which shall ere long lead either to the final overthrow of Slavery, or to a separation of the free States of the Union from the slave States; and, either way, the conquest of abolition shall be won, and "the oppressed shall go free." (Cheers.)—The very passing of such a bill as this, is decisive evidence of the little hold which Slavery has on the public mind of America, and the conscious feebleness of the pro-slavery party in it. And like many other measures framed by the injustice and tyranny of men, it will only hasten the destruction of the accursed system it is designed to bolster up. Let us, then, cheer on our abolition friends across the Atlantic, to endure affliction for the sake of the poor and down-trodden slave. Let us remind them that they have not only our sympathy, but the sympathy also of Him who came from Heaven "to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Let them listen to the counsel of "one of their own poets"

"O, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shall know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is ——
To suffer and be strong."

Let them follow such counsel, and they shall soon experience its invigorating and ennobling effects upon their souls. Let us tell them that the eyes of the civilized world are upon them—the eye of every freeman and of every bondman—and the eye of every tyrant and oppressor. (Cheers.) Let them, then, stand fast; be strong and quit themselves like men. Let them count the cost of this awful struggle—a struggle between the moral sentiments of a people, and the physical force of their rulers—and let them, in forming their resolve, go forth like Moses in Egypt, and look upon the burdens of the three millions of their colored brethren; and, beholding wrongs, let them say, in the calm might of a resolution which no sufferings shall be able to shake,

"By oppressions woes and pains
By those slaves in servile chains,
We will stand while life remains,
But they shall be free." (Great cheering)

The Rev. Dr. RITCHIE in seconding the resolution, remarked, that he had rejoiced to see men fighting for their liberty in Rome, Hungary, and Turkey, and he also rejoiced to see, that in the slave States of America, there was a fight for liberty. The slave had as good a right to his liberty as the slave owner had; and, he maintained that every slave was entitled to say to his master, "I have a right to my freedom, give it to me, or here's at you." (Laughter and cheers.) He had no hesitation in saying, that the Fugitive Slave Law, that had been recently passed—placed the American State beyond the circle of civilization. (Cheers.) He looked on them as savages. Some people told them that the only savages were those that had black faces, but the truth was, that if they wanted to find savageism they must look to the white faces—and so it was in the present case; for he defied any man to find in the page of history, even the darkest and blackest, anything equal to the Fugitive Slave Bill. It was everything unjust, unnatural and inhuman, and was a perfect disgrace to the very name of liberty, equality, or humanity. What did it do? He had always understood that it was the office of the judge to hold the balance equally, but what did this law say? It said that if the judge found for the slave he got 5 dollars: but if he found for the slaveholder, he got 10 dollars. That was what they called justice in America. He had looked at every sentence of this law, and he condemned it with his whole heart. At the same time, it gave him joy to think that here, like other evils, he saw the beginning of good—just as, in the physical world, the darkest portion of the morning generally announced the approach of the dawn. (Cheers.) What did the slaveowners of America tell the people of this this country? They told them that Moses had instituted Slavery. Well, let them follow the example of Moses, and free every man who had got himself wounded or his tooth broken; and if they did that, he ventured to say that there would soon be very few slaves left in the United States. Then, again, they said that they had received the institution of Slavery from Britain; and it was not fair for the people of this country to speak about it. But he would ask them if they did not get more than that: if they did not, at one time, get an exciseman, and tar and feather him—force his tea into his mouth, and afterwards toss him into the Hudson? (Laughter and cheers.) Seeing they had got rid of other grievances the Americans ought never to say that they got Slavery from Britain. They also asserted that they would like to get rid of Slavery if it were possible, but that it could not be done. They of the Northern States, moreover, maintained, that they had no more ado with the existence of Slavery, than had Great Britain. But he said, that was untrue because they had ado with the making of the laws which recognized the existence of it. At the same time, while such was the law, he rejoiced to say that many of the people of America had resisted it, and long might they continue to do so. (Cheers.) The Rev. Doctor proceeded to detail several of the most repulsive features of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and appealed to the meeting, if what he had stated, did not justify his declaration, that they who had passed that law, they who were working it out, had placed themselves beyond the circle of civilization.—(Cheers.) For his comfort, he however, found in referring to history, that this law would not work, it was so unjust. It converted the whole population of America into slave-catchers. One feature of the law was this, that suppose a fugitive slave were carried away by his owner, and some people were to league together to rescue him, the result would be, that that the slaveholder applied to the exchequer, and received the sum of two thousand dollars for compensation, there, then, was a law which turned the whole of the free States of America into a great hunting field against the slave. A man was not worthy of the name unless he lifted up his voice loud and explicitly against such a law. He therefore rejoiced to say that it would not work. He knew many of the Abolitionists of America—he had been in correspondence with them for years, and this he could say for them, that they had made heavy sacrifices in support of their principles.—Through their instrumentality and aid thousands of slaves have made their escape to Canada; and he rejoiced to say that on that ground at least they were free; so that, after all, this was a British question The laws of America rendered it imperative when a vessel from a Northern port came to a Southern harbor, that if there were more than one colored person on board, they were taken ashore and clapped in jail till the vessel was ready to leave the port. If the captain had an ill-will against the men, all that he had to do was to leave them behind him, and they were immediately sold for slaves. (Loud bursts of indignation.) He had said that this was a British question, and so it was; because, if a vessel were to sail for one of these Southern States from Jamaica, with a number of colored persons on board, they would be seized on entering the port, and put in prison, and, if the vessel sailed without the captain claiming them, they would be put up to auction and sold. Was not the intcrest of Great Britain concerned here? He wondered what their friends in Downing street would say to that. He was perfectly aware that the odious law to which he had alluded would work its own destruction, and he believed that this was the last effort of the slaveholders. It had been said that evening that the slaveowner was a worshipper of Mammon, and finding his slaves profitable, that was the reason why he kept them; but such was not the case. Slavery was a losing trade. He could not believe that slave labor was more profitable than free labor, for he considered it would be blasphemy against God to think so. They knew very well that Slavery had become quite inoperative in some slave States; and they knew that in Carolina itself, the people were raising up a movement for the abolition of Slavery. There was, besides, another Canada springing up on the west coast of America, in the shape of California, which had declared for freedom, so that now the slaveowner was placed between two fires; and he thought there was every chance that he would get himself singed. (Laughter.) There had also a crusade been raised against Slavery in Cuba and Brazil, so that he thought he now saw liberty beginning to dawn, and felt confident that some of those present would live to see the day when Slavery would be abolished in the Southern States of America. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN, after apologising for the absence of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, who was to have proposed a resolution relative to the colored gentlemen that were to address them, then introduced to the notice of the meeting

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, one of the fugitive slaves. He was received with tremendous applause. After some introductory remarks as to his want of ability to address such large and intelligent audience, having been for twenty years entirely without education, he said that this was indeed a strange occasion. He had repeatedly looked around on the audience, and every time he had surveyed the meeting he had been much surprised with the strangeness of its appearance and object. Within the last two or three years, certainly within the last 18 months, large and enthusiastic meetings had been held in cities of the United States, to welcome to the New World refugees from Hungary, from the banks of the Danube, the Tiber, and the Nile, while here there were three thousand persons assembled to welcome refugees from the banks of the Mississippi. (Great cheering.) They had not made their escape from a monarchical government—not from a land over which a king, queen, or emperor reigned; but they were here flying away from the stars and stripes of America. They were here refugees from the land of their birth—democratic republican America. And what was their offence? what act had they committed, that they were here freer than they would have been in the United States? Simply because the people of the country were inconsistent—that they gave the lie to their own Declaration of Independence, which alleged that all men were created free and equal. They were here this evening, because they would not be permitted to live in America, without being slaves. There was not a rood of soil in the States of America, on which William and Ellen Craft and himself could stand, or be permitted by law. There was not a foot of ground over which the flag of the United States floated on which they could stand without being doomed to the degradation of Slavery, and he thanked God that they were now on the soil that had seen the Bruces

and Wallaces of former days. (Cheers.) He only wished that the slaveowners were here to-night, to see and know that the people of this great city had entered their protest against making slaves of any human being. So much had been said about the American Fugitive Slave Bill, that he should merely mention one or two facts connected with it, without entering into the subject. The law was in the first place unconstitutional in many respects. (Cries of hear, hear.) It was unconstitutional because it denied to the runaway slave the right of trial by jury. The Constitution said that every person should be secured against unreasonable search, but this bill allowed the country to be searched all over for the purpose of taking the runaway slave. The Fugitive Slave Bill also struck down the right of *habeas corpus*. He might examine many other equally obnoxious features of the Bill, but he would now turn to another point of the question. It was not merely for the amelioration of the condition of the slave that he was here to-night. No, he asked the slaveholder to strike the letters from the limbs of his fellow-men; let the slave work for his own living. (Loud cheering.) To those who had no higher object than the amelioration of the condition of the slave, with regard to his food and clothing, he would leave the discussion of that question; but he was here to excite so far as he could, the influence of public opinion, against the institution of American Slavery that held three millions of his countrymen in bondage. (Cheers.) They were here to ask this meeting to enter not only their protest, but to let their feelings and sentiments go forth in such a manner as would tell the American slaveholders that they condemned the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill as much as they condemned the institution which had brought it forth. (Cheers.) And here let him say, that that Bill was enacted by the members of the American Congress, all of them professing to be free and independent people, and a great number of them members of religious bodies. It was brought forward by Daniel Webster, and supported by doctors of divinity and ministers, from Moses Stewart to Dr. Bonlard of St. Louis, who would carry him (Mr. Brown) back into Slavery if he could get him. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") If any act of a people could show that they were haters of liberty and lovers of wrong, he was certain that the people of the United States had given ample testimony in passing and attempting to carry out the Bill he had referred to. He sometimes thought that the people of this country acted very inconsistently in denouncing the institution of Slavery, which separated the husband from his wife, and the mother from her child; while, at the same time, the American slaveowner was received into European society. He knew of no code of morality by which the slave owner was received with open arms by the very same individuals who could applaud the draymen of Barclay and Perkins, for driving a General Haynau out of the country. (Cheers.) For was not the individual who could enslave Ellen Craft, and who after she had made her escape in a manner unparalleled by any man or woman,—could claim her as his property, pursue her to Boston, and then drive her from the land of her birth—was that individual not as mean and contemptible as the man who caused females to be flogged on the soil of Hungary. (Cheers.) He believed if the people of Europe were to say with one voice to the American slaveholders, "If you want to be received into respectable society here, you must first free your slaves," he knew of no logic that would sooner convince these men of the sin of holding slaves. There were many dark features connected with the institution of Slavery which had never been brought before the people of Europe, and which he himself would not speak on, because he felt certain that the delicacy of the meeting would not permit it. It was perhaps enough for him to say that, during the twenty years of his life that he was a slave, every effort was made to shut out the light of knowledge from his mind, and everything that was calculated to raise him above the level of the brute creation, his owner well knowing that the first use he would make of geography, if he had been taught it, would have been to make his escape, if possible. In spite of obstacles, however, when his master got up one morning, and called on a certain slave to brush his his boots and bring his breakfast, he found the slave had taken himself off, and was not to be found.—(Laughter and cheers.) He was grateful for the reception which he had met in this country, and he hoped it would go back to the United States that this evening three fugitive slaves had appeared before three thousand of the people of Glasgow, who, while in America, had to hide from the very laws and officers of the country whose duty it was to protect them. He wanted Millard Fillmore, Drs. Collins and Taylor, and Enoch Price, the man who claimed him as his property, to know that there was a public opinion in this country that would protect the fugitive slave and recognize him as a man. (Cheers.) He believed that this Bill was the last struggle of Slavery in America. Mr. Brown proceeded to express his sense of the exertions of the Abolitionists in America, and referred to the reception which George Thompson had met with from the colored people in Boston, as evidencing their gratitude for his exertions in their behalf. As an instance of the harshness and oppression of the law, he mentioned the case of Thomas Garret, who, for the sole crime of giving food to a runaway slave, had all his property taken away from him, and given to the slave owner. He did not appear as the agent of any association. He was merely recognised by the Abolitionists of America as representing their views; but he felt it a debt that he owed to the societies there to assist them in endeavoring to overthrow that accursed system that was grinding to death so many of his countrymen. And here permit me to make a remark or two upon the Anti-Slavery movement. Slavery in America can be abolished only by the change of public opinion, and this cannot be done without much toil and sacrifice. The women of America are doing their part in the work. They are now holding a bazaar in Boston to raise funds to carry on the movement. The free colored people, and fugitive slaves, place a very high appreciation upon these efforts of their friends, and among the laborers in this great work none stand higher than William Lloyd Garrison.

William Craft, who next presented himself, with his wife, was received with rapturous applause. He also apologised for his inability to express himself in such a manner as he could have wished, but hoped his excuse would be found in the circumstance, that it was only two years since he had made his escape from Slavery; at which time he could neither read nor write, having been "raised" in a State where the laws prohibited the slave from being taught. They had already heard the nature of the infamous Fugitive Bill explained; and perhaps it might be interesting to the meeting if he were to furnish some particlars of the escape of himself and wife from Slavery. Mr. Craft then proceeded to relate the circumstances which, divested of extraneous matter, may be briefly stated.—His wife and he were slaves on an estate in Georgia one of the most cruel slave states in the Union. By dint of working early and late, he had saved some money and his wife and he frequently revolved plans of escape, many of which they were obliged to reject as impracticable. At length he persuaded his wife that the best way would be for her to dress herself in male attire, and pass herself off as a white gentleman, which from her color, was not difficult, while he would wait on her as her servent. To accomplish their undertaking, it was necessary that leave should be obtained for a day or two, which was done by a representation to their master that they had a sick aunt, at a distance, who wished to see them. They were successful in getting away, and dressed as had been previously arranged, with a large poultice on her hand, her arm in a sling, and another poultice round her cheeks, to look the invalid, they took their passage in the boat to Georgia, which was about 200 miles from where they resided. They reached Charleston on the following morning, and put up at one of the first-class hotels, his wife, still disguised, receiving every attention from the landlord and waiters, not the least suspicion being excited. They got safe away from Charleston, and had a rather amusing adventure in one of the railway cars, between Philadelphia and Richmond, with an old gentleman, accompanied by two of his daughters, who entered into conversation with the pretended sick young gentlemen. The ladies in particular were remarkably attentive: and while she feigned to be asleep, expressed a very favorable opinion as to her personal appearance.—Before parting, the old gentleman gave Mrs Craft a very pressing invitation to visit him the next time she was passing through the Country. So far all had went well, but on reaching the Custom house, previous to embarking for Baltimore, the fugitives made a rather narrow escape, as the officer there would not allow the sick man to pass without affixing his signature to the usual document required of passengers, and as neither of them could write, the matter seemed hopeless. The invalid pointed to the large poultice that was still round his right hand, and urged on the officer to sign it for him: but the functionary had resolutely declined, when the captain of the steamer in which they were to embark good-naturedly offered to write the signature, which was allowed by the officer, and the husband and wife were again at liberty to proceed.—At Baltimore, another unexpected difficulty presented itself—Baltimore being in a slave State, and close to the free State of Pennsylvania there was a very sharp look-out kept that no slaves left Baltimore unchallenged. The officer in charge refused to allow the fugitives to pass, unless the disguised gentleman got a certificate endorsed that his attendant was his lawful slave. There was no possibility of getting such a certificate, and their escape seemed hopeless when the officer relenting at the apparently feeble state of health of the young man, allowed them to pass on. They arrived all safe at Philadelphia, where they were recommended to go on to Boston. In the latter city they had been two years, the husband supporting himself comfortbly as a cabinet-maker, and his wife by her needle, till the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill compelled them to flee from the country and take refuge in Great Britain. The narrative was listened to with great interest, and repeatedly applauded throughout.

After some explanatory remarks from Mr. W. W. Brown.

The Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, who afterwards entered the room, then proposed the following resolution—

"Resolved,—That we congratulate W. W. Brown and Wm. and Ellen Craft, on having escaped from the iron grasp of the slaveholder, and cordially welcome them amongst us. We rejoice to be able to offer them the protection of our country, within which no man dare claim property in his fellow-man and assure them, that Britons know no distinctions arising from the colour of the skin." It was received with enthusiasm,

Mr. W. Anderson moved, and Mr. James Ratray seconded, the following resolution:—

"That this meeting deeply sympathize with the fugitive slaves in the British possessions in North America, destitute as they are, for the most part, of the means of mental and moral culture; that we cordially approve of William Wells Brown's plan for establishing a manual labour school or schools in Canada for the benefit of the fugitives, and commend him to the sympathy and confidence of the public generally, in regard to this undertaking."

Mr. A. Paton proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Hastie, for his conduct in the chair, which, like all the other resolutions, was carried with great cordiality, after which the meeting separated, a few minutes past eleven o'clock.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1851.

SLAVE-CATCHING PATRIOTISM.

The manufacture of Panics is one of the main mysteries of Statecraft. Whenever any especial rascality is contemplated, whenever an administration is to be overthrown or to be strengthened, whenever the *Ins* totter and the Outs rejoice, there is nothing that serves the purpose of whichever can create it so well as a good Panic. It is as good as a good Cry, or rather, it is identical or commensurate with it. The Jacobinical Panic kept Pitt long in power, although there was about as much danger of the sun's going out, or the stars forgetting their courses as that steady England, strong in the wealth and intelligence of her middle classes, would shoot madly from her sphere into the gulf opened by the French Revolution. The No-Popery, Anti-Reform, Corn Law and many other Panics have served their turns in keeping in or turning out ministers, according as their forces could be managed by the leaders of the one side or the other. And we have not been without our Panics on this side the Atlantic, too.—The Panic of the Country has stared us so often in the face that we have got used to it and are almost persuaded, like Jaffier, in the play, to be

"In love and pleased with Ruin."

How often has the danger or the fact of a change in the Protective Tariff frightened us from our propriety, and into our good behaviour! For how long did the Bank brood over the nation,—to one portion of us a maternal guardian, the shadow of whose wings was vital to our existence, and to another portion a devouring harpy, foul-mouthed, ravenous and obscene! And then the bare phantom of South Carolina Nullification has ever been enough to startle our hearts out of our pockets into our mouths and to make us fall on our knees and exclaim "We have sinned! spare us! have mercy upon us!"

Mr. Webster is the chief Panic-monger of this "ignorant present." We do not think that he succeeds in really scaring anybody very seriously, but he has "Retainers" enough in almost all parts of the North to play at being frightened very tolerably well. The imitation answers the purpose quite as well as the reality for all practical purposes. It is the Albata Plate or German Silver of politics, warranted to be beyond the detection of sight or taste, and only occasionally unwholesome to the consumers. There is a quantity of unruly impracticable urchins at the North whom it is advisable to frighten into quiet and obedience, and so he has drilled a party of their playfellows to pretend to be horribly scared whenever he appears to them with an ugly mask he has patched up for the purpose. Like Miss Nipper in Dombey he "bellows like a conscientious goblin of the bull species" whenever the unruly youngsters refuse to go to bed and to sleep at his bidding. His last experiment of this kind was tried upon a patriotic assemblage at Tarrytown, Westchester county, in this State. It was a battery, harmless enough in itself, one would judge from the taste it gave the world of its quality, but intended to be charged with the galvanic energy of Mr. Webster's patriotism and to convulse at least to twitching the defunct patriotism of Sewardized New York. The people were in danger of forgetting that the Union was in peril, unless the warning voice of its self-constituted Saviour were raised to remind them of it. Whether the impending election of a successor to the unfortunate Senator who was born in the wrong State had anything to do with this Constitutional explosion, is a question which we do not soar to decide. But the Hour arrived, whatever brought it, and the Man was not wanting to its summons.

It is consolatory to know, however, that the danger is not quite so great as it has been. "The spirit of disunion may be considered as now, in some degree, checked;" but, still, we are not out of the woods by any means, for "that it has existed, both at the North and the South, and does still exist to a very dangerous extent, cannot be denied by any honest man!" And did anybody ever deny that Mr. Webster was an honest man? An honest, as well as an "honorable" man? But though he is as honest as Iago himself we think he must be more honest than wise if he really believe, what he proceeds to intimate, that the vaporing of the Southern States was anything more than "sound and fury, signifying nothing," or that the opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, at the North, as a general thing, arose from any hostility to the Union. We heartily wish it did. We wish that there were principle and spirit enough in the great masses that have had humanity and consistency enough to repudiate and denounce that Law, to follow this Iniquity to its stronghold, the Union itself, and destroy it by demolishing its fastness. But the antagonism which the Fugitive Bill has excited at the North has been mainly aroused within the defences of the constitution and carried on by men who really suppose that there are some rights protected by it besides those of Slavery to be perpetuated and comforted. There is, we are sorry to say, not much more general purpose to sever the Union at the North than there is at the South, and the one part as well as the other, we are afraid would shrink, should the test be applied. The protection of their own fellow citizens from kidnapping, and the vindication of the simplest duties of hospitality to "those that are desolate and oppressed," is about all that the Anti-Fugitive Law Meetings have undertaken to maintain.

Mr. Webster's argument and his illustrations, in this last ebullition of Slave-catching patriotism, are somewhat odd. He says that the purpose avowed at some of these Meetings, that they would not suffer a fugitive slave to be taken from them, and pledging to this resolution their lives, fortunes and sacred honor, "is distinctly treasonable." Well, what of it? Suppose it be. Was not the document from which the concluding pledge is quoted a treasonable one? Did the men that signed it not know that it exposed them to all the pains and penalties of treason? Have not the men that passed that resolution as good a right to be traitors as John Hancock or Thomas Jefferson? Have they not as much better a right as their cause is purer, more humane and more unselfish than was theirs? When did Treason become obsolete and the right of Resistance to Tyrants an exploded idea? Of course those men, whoever they were, have as much right to resist the unrighteous legislation of this country as the Continental Congress had to resist that of Great Britain;—being willing, of course, as they say they are, to abide the consequences. Mr. Webster forgets how often he has magnified and deified treason and traitors. Perhaps these very men have sat at his feet on Bunker's Hill or Plymouth Rock and learned of him how brave and heroic a thing it is to resist all wicked and tyrannical laws. If they have bettered their instructions and applied his own logic to their own circumstances, the fault is still rather his than theirs. Surely, they are borne out by all traditions of the older and the modern world. If the steel of Brutus and the shaft of Tell deserve to be hallowed in the memory of mankind surely the dagger of a fugitive slave planted in the heart of his pursuer should be wreathed with the same undying myrtle. If ever sword was consecrated by the blood of tyrants or their tools, one drawn in vindication of liberty against the operation of this accursed law would deserve a double blessing from a grateful posterity. If ever the dungeon, the gibbet, the block, were made radiant by the glory of Vane and Sydney, and the martyrs of Freedom of all ages, those dignified by the Confessors of Mr. Webster's new Law of Treason will be doubly illustrious to the end of time.

And his examples are as unlucky as his argument. He summons Alexander Hamilton, and the far more illustrious shade of John Jay to bear witness to his doctrine that Slave-catching is the first duty of an American patriot. He calls upon *them* to rebuke the men who are giving utterance to their abhorrence of the instant tyranny that forces itself upon them, and to their determination to resist it! Bad examples, truly! What were Hamilton and Jay but traitors to the shape which Tyranny assumed in their time? What has made the name of the one memorable and of the other venerable as long as the earth endures, but their treason? But their belief in, and vindication of "A Higher Law" than that of King, Lords, and Commons? We should have no fear that the voice that would issue from the vault at Rye, if the necromancy of Mr. Webster were powerful enough to compel the dead to answer, would confirm his slanderous imputations. It would tell him that the Union which he loved and served in life had not then become the Incarnation of Slave-catching. That he never would have accepted or sustained it, could he have foreseen the vile uses to which it would so soon come. That his ideal of the policy which was to spring from the Revolution, was one of which Liberty and not Slavery, was to be the controlling principle. Though he consented to the recognition of Slavery for a time, in the faith that it would soon disappear and die, who can believe that Jay would have accepted the Constitution and the Union, if he could have foreseen that the strengthening and perpetuation of human Slavery was to be made their animating and essential principle? Never was a fouler insult aimed at the memory of the illustrious dead, never a viler slander launched at a pure and immortal name, than the abominable gloss put by Mr. Webster on the words of John Jay to twist them to his abominable purpose. Does Mr. Webster think to persuade us that there were never American Statesmen of purer metal than the brazen idols of this degenerate day? But it is as impossible for him to drag down Jay from his pedestal as it would be to raise himself to the level of that spotless private and public renown.

We do not believe that Mr. Webster has ever experienced the shadow of apprehension for the integrity of the Union. We believe that never Roman Augur inly scoffed at the credulity of the crowd as he has mocked in his heart at the alarm he has falsely attempted to excite. We feel assured that when the next Presidential Election shall have consigned him to private life, his fever of patriotic fear will become intermittent, if it be not entirely cured. But we can tell him though he spoke falsely to his own soul when he said that "this spirit, if not checked, will endanger and overthrow the Government," still, that, like Balaam, he prophesied the truth against his will. A spirit is abroad at the North, if not at the South, which will not down at the bidding of priest or politician, which will in time bring this iniquitous Union to an end. It may come from the desperation, or the expanding strength of the South; it may come from the growing virtue or exhausted endurance of the North; it may come in Peace or it may come in War; but come Disunion must. It is not in the nature of man or institutions that an Empire made up of such discordant materials should endure forever. Juster views of political economy showing the North that the Union is a drag on her prosperity, a spark of just resentment at the insults and injuries to which it exposes her and her citizens, a revival of true religion, all or some of these or many other motives of human action will yet apply that touch of fire before which the rotten bonds of this Confederacy will melt like flax before the flame. It cannot come too soon. For it is the indispensable preliminary not merely to the deliverance of the Slave, but to the establishment of free governments throughout the world.—E. Q.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

As the Annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held a fortnight ago, we hoped, ere this, to have been able to give a report to our readers. Nothing more has been sent us, however, than the Resolutions, several of which have appeared already in *The Liberator*. They are as follows:

1. Resolved, That while prominent individuals and a professedly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850 on the ground that it is unconstitutional, oppressive, and liable to gross abuse; we the abolitionists of Massachusetts, desire to have it distinctly understood that we are utterly and forever opposed to the *surrender itself* of fugitive slaves, no matter what the method may be, whether constitutional or not, whether cautiously guarded so as to protect freemen or left open to every abuse: and that Constitution or no Constitution, Law or no Law, we will neither aid in such return nor swear to do so, to secure the influence of any office or to avert supposed danger to any Government.

2. Resolved, That the compromises of the Constitution are one of the chief bulwarks of the slave system, an appeal to the blind prejudice in favor of which is in every critical emergency, an answer to every argument; and serves in the hands of the pulpit and the press, to confuse the conception of the plainest moral duties: and therefore, whoever seeks to make efficient war on Slavery must take the most unequivocal position in relation to these; leave no doubt of his situation in this respect; not only *treat*, but proclaim that he *intends* to treat, them, and all laws enacted in pursuance of them as null and void while they exist, and labor to overthrow the Union which rests upon them, as speedily as possible.

3. Resolved, That one of our objections to the Free Soil party is that it wears two faces. To protect itself against the direct attacks of the Whigs and Democrats and of the South and gain the ear of the conservative portion of the community, it professes allegiance to the Federal Constitution; while on the other hand, to secure the sympathy of the masses, and especially of those earnest spirits upon which it must rely for aid and growth, its prominent leaders and friends allow themselves to be looked on as the refuge and protectors of the fugitive slave. In our view this is seeking to do justice by the commission of perjury, and the only merit such a party can claim is that its instincts are better than its principles; and we exhort them to show at least so much moral life, so much deference to the highest moral standard, as to attempt to explain how they can swear to do what they have no intention of doing—how they can take an oath to the Federal Constitution; an oath, the virtual breaking of which after its being deliberately taken in such circumstances as the present, is only less infamous than the keeping of it would be.

4. Resolved, That the recent Union meeting in Faneuil Hall, some of whose actors are well known to have helped fugitive slaves, and others to have refused to do their official duty in this respect, would in any other circumstances, have been a farce, but must now be regarded, by all honest men, as a sober lie.

5. Resolved, That the infamous Union Committee of New York, embodying the highest legal ability in that city, all made subservient to the use of the slave claimant whose expenses that Committee shared:—thus taking away one of the most natural and legal discouragements to the recovery of fugitive slaves,—is, we are afraid, too fair an exponent of the real public sentiment of the free States.

6. Resolved, That whoever wishes evidence as to the character of Northern Churches may find it in the fact that reference to politics was deemed desecration of the pulpit; and silence was proclaimed to be the duty of leading denominations, until that silence was broken in behalf of the slave catcher, and the leading spirits, of all sects, leaped into the arena to uphold the Fugitive Slave Bill. Such an one may find evidence in the efforts of Drs. Spring and Cox, Drs. Rogers and Sharp, Drs. Taylor and Hawks, Moses Stuart and Orville Dewey, to confuse the moral perceptions and freeze the merciful instincts of the community; making Christianity the stalking horse of their narrow prejudice, and fawning desire for the approbation of what are thought great men; proffering to be the servant of human laws, and exhorting the religious men and women of the North to yield their conscientious convictions to the drunken votes of a mob of trading politicians and profane revellers, dignified with the title of the Congress of the United States.

7. Resolved, That the late atrocious charge of Mr. Justice McLean, in the case of Norris vs. Crocker, and others, straining as it does every principle of law to effect the condemnation of innocent men, strikes us with no surprise either from that Bench or that man, well knowing that the foul Northern tenants of that Bench have always been chosen from such material as could be easily moulded by their five Southern brethren, and that Mr. McLean was the last man in Ohio who struggled to hold slaves there; that in his whole judicial course he has never been betrayed into one emotion of mercy or utterance for freedom; and we rejoice that his constant, and, of late, increased, servility to the Slave Power has never deceived either the North or the South.

8. Resolved, That the course of the Mayor and Aldermen of this city in avowing that, at the late meeting for the reception of George Thompson in Faneuil Hall, Marshal Tukey acted by their orders, and with their approbation, exhibits such an ignorance of law and of their duties, such crouching to public opinion, such entire want both of physical and moral courage, as to be alike proof and confession of their disqualification for the offices they hold; and their recent refusal to this Society of Faneuil Hall, on the ground that George Thompson was to appear on its platform, is a gross injustice to us as tax-paying inhabitants, and a shameful confession that they rule this city as the servants of the mob.

9. Resolved, That we will labor to effect such a change of public sentiment here, that Boston may have city officers enlightened and independent enough to have opinions of their own, not the mere tools of contractors, or boys to the kites of any party or any press—men educated sufficiently to understand, and honest enough to attempt, at least impartially, to protect every citizen in his legal rights.

10. Resolved, That in regard to SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, in his votes on the Territorial and Fugitive Slave Bills, we will not undertake to decide whether he represented or misrepresented his constituency; but since neither he nor his friends have attempted any defence of either of those measures except as necessary to avert dangers which nothing but the grossest ignorance could believe to exist, his base selfishness and craven spirit at that crisis make all former Northern treason look white by the side of the blackness of his infamy; and as long as New England retains any spark of the spirit or of the pride of her ancestry, his memory will be held in loathing and abhorrence.

11. Resolved, That in the visit of our long-tried and untiring coadjutor, George Thompson, to this country, for the second time, we see cause for emotions of the deepest shame and feelings of the liveliest gratitude—shame, that in this vaunted land of freedom there are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since abolished throughout all her dominions—and gratitude that, notwithstanding all the scorn, insult and outrage heaped upon him when among us fifteen years ago, as the advocate of universal emancipation, he generously throws the past into oblivion, and is once more with us, the same magnanimous and world-embracing spirit, the same dauntless and invincible champion of freedom, the same unwavering friend to the liberty and prosperity of our country, the same fearless and eloquent advocate of the rights of the enslaved—as ready to incur opprobrium and persecution now, in the same glorious cause, as he was in the perilous times of 1834-5.

12. Resolved, That with three million of our countrymen in the galling chains of Slavery, we have a fitting commentary on the empty declaration, that this is 'the land of the free'; and in the consternation which is every where visible in this country at the presence of George Thompson, we are presented with an equally striking commentary on the general boast, that this is 'the home of the brave'!

13. Resolved, That the accusation brought against George Thompson, by T. D. McGee, a *professed* refugee patriot, charging Mr. Thompson with having voted, in Parliament, for a Bill 'which made free speech treason,' is false, and that the bringing of such a charge against one of the firmest friends of liberty, at a moment when all her friends were combined against him, shows its author a traitor to the cause he professes to love, such as even a slaveholder would spurn.

HENRY LONG—SLAVE-SALES IN VIRGINIA.

A merchant of this city who has recently visited Richmond, Va., and was present at the sale of Henry Long and others, communicates some interesting facts to *The Tribune* relative to the agitation of the propogandists of the gospel of Slavery. A "Central Southern Rights Association" has been organized, he says, in Richmond, the object of which is to promote non-intercourse with the North, but that, as yet, comprises but few members, although the president at a late meeting, declared that it was expected twenty thousand members would be enrolled in the course of the next three months. In an Address just issued by this Association the case of Long is treated of at length, and the course of the Union Committee reviewed in a spirit of the basest ingratitude. Instead of commending the patriotism, they denounce the intermeddling of these New York Northerners who showed themselves so ready and glad to do, in consorting with and entertaining a slave-hunter and assisting in the capture of a fugitive, what a Southern gentleman would scorn to descend to. It is to work hard without pay, as no doubt the Union Committee will acknowledge, except in the case of a "nigger," but hard beyond endurance to do *such* work and receive, instead of thanks, abuse from the party benefitted. That the expenses in Long's case were paid is, they say, "no guaranty that the expenses in *all* the future cases of the 15,000 to 20,000 fugitive slaves *to be caught* will be paid"; and they consider the determined resistance made as rendering it next to impossible for a poor man to catch a runaway. Perhaps it is because the Union Committee here hold out a false hope to this class, and partly because they really understand the character of that Committee that they fail to express that satisfaction which was looked for. They are cruel enough to say that the act was not a disinterested one "*because the parties are large traders with the South.*" And one of their speakers actually called it a "humbug Committee"! Should such sentiments become prevalent at the South, the price of calico will become seriously affected, and Mrs Wood must find some other shoulders than runaway colored waiters on which to climb to the seat on the bench of the Supreme Court.

Of Long himself, the writer in *The Tribune* says that "he was as well known to be a slave *there* as any slave there, and that if he had *not* been returned, the whole State would have been in arms in twenty-four hours. They say there was perjury committed here in the examination of the case.

"It was stated in some of the papers that Long said 'he had no objecions to go back.' The fact that two dirks were taken from his person—one here, and one in Richmond—would not indicate that he *loved* to go back into Slavery. He said that his master treated him well, but those to whom he was hired treated him harshly.

"Long is undoubtedly a smart fellow, and showed his ability to take care of himself while here in New York. *Quere:* Is it well for the Southerners to recapture their slaves who have thus tasted liberty? They may perhaps stir up that love of liberty in others, or get away again themselves. If a slave is smart, is it not better to let him go? And if he is a lazy fellow, why they dont want him again.

"It was stated in some of the papers that Long 'played the violin' on his way to Richmond. This is false. On board the steamboat Baltimore on his way from Washington, there was a company of slaves, 12 or 15 of them, on their way South to be sold, (*by the by, in total violation of the recent law against the* transportation of negroes *for sale* from the District; but there is *no* such thing as 'Southern aggression,' of course) and one of this company was playing the violin, for the benefit of the whole, Long included.

"Upon my return a few days afterward, I saw the person who had charge of this company. He said the violin player brought nine hundred and ten dollars.

"The 'trade in niggers' seems to be very active in Richmond this Winter, and the auctioneers appear to transact a flourishing business. There were all colors awaiting a sale—the jet black, the yellow of various shades, and a few nearly white, with straight hair, good features and blushing cheeks—the infant at the breast, the young, the middle-aged. Their feet, ankles, legs, arms and breasts were exposed to the gaping crowd of bidders, and as the auctioneer *cried*, 'How much shall I have for this woman, gentlemen? please to start her;' her yellow infant at the breast, *cried*, also, but not in harmony with the seller's voice. The buyers would occasionally step up and examine the mouth and teeth of the slave to be sold as one would those of a horse he was about to purchase. When one of the female slaves was brought up, her sleeves were too small to be readily pushed up to expose her arms, and so the man who 'shows them up,' took out his knife and ripped up the sleeves, as one would cut open a bale of goods. Then he would order them occasionally to walk across the room to show their gait.

"It is understood that the doctors employed for the purpose make a more particular examination of the sold slaves before they are delivered to the purchasers, that he may give his certificate.

"I saw families sold and separated to go even to different States, and, as I stood in the outskirts of the crowd while they were selling one of two sisters, a decent looking black woman anxiously inquired of me where Mr. —— lived?—mentioning the name of the purchaser of the last slave. Her sister had just been sold to another man, and this woman was probably a relative of these girls.

"Several colored people stood about the doors, and among the lingerers I noticed a man with his little son,—perhaps ten years old,—looking on with great interest. The auctioneer and the bidders all appeared like gentlemen in dress and manners, and the slaves seemed to bring much better prices, now that 'Cotton is stiff at fifteen cents,' than they did a year since. In what I have described here I have stated *what I saw at three auction sales*, and I have not exaggerated, but stated actual occurrences."

New York Assembly.—Mr. Bradley of Cayuga has offered the following Resolutions in the Assembly:

Whereas, Free citizens of non-slaveholding States have been imprisoned by South Carolina, in direct violation of that clause of the Constitution which guarantees that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities as citizens of the several States, and whereas, Congress, in enacting the present Fugitive Slave Laws have done all in their power to secure to the Slaveholder his alleged right in Slaves. Therefore be it,

Resolved, if the Senate concur, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use all honorable means to secure the passage of a law to prevent the recurrence of a like outrage on the rights of citizens of the Free States, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, if the Senate concur, That the Governor of this State be requested to furnish each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress with a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions.

Mr. Horton, of St. Lawrence, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, if the Senate concur, That the Joint Resolutions adopted by the Legislature of this State on the 15th of February, 1850, were a truthful and true expression of the opinion of the people of this State, and that the same opinions are still entertained. [Laid over.]

LIBERATOR SOIREE.

The last number of *The Liberator* contains a long report of the meeting held on the 24th ultimo, in commemoration of the 20th birth-day of that paper. As our Boston correspondent stated last week, a watch was presented to Mr. Garrison, and the occasion was enlivened with speeches from Messrs. Thompson, Phillips, Quincy, Parker, Russell, Wilson, Garrison, and others. We have not room to copy this report, but those who have not seen it will be glad to read that portion recording the presentation and acceptation of the gift to Mr. Garrison. At the close of his speech Mr. George Thompson said:

Before I sit down, however, I have a duty to discharge for others as well as for myself. It is to place in the hands of Mr. Garrison, a memorial of the great event which we are here to celebrate. It is a gift, in the form of a Gold Watch, and is presented by those who are the personal friends of the long-tried editor of *The Liberator*. They wish it to be accepted as a token of their esteem, their admiration, and their love. The inscription is as follows:

PRESENTED BY
GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P.,
(On behalf of himself and others.)
TO
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
THE INTREPID AND UNCOMPROMISING FRIEND OF THE SLAVE
In commemoration of the Twentieth Anniversary of The Liberator.
Boston, January 1st, 1851.

Mr. Thompson having placed the gift in Mr. Garrison's hand, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly, said:

Beloved Friend!—In asking that you will accept this watch, and wear it as our gift, I must assure you that its intrinsic value is no index to the affectionate regard in which we hold you—for that is without measure or bound. Accept it as the pledge and proof that we have espoused with all our hearts the principles on which you have conducted *The Liberator* newspaper, and that we this night renew our vows before God to stand by those principles through evil and through good report, for better and for worse, to the end of our lives. (Loud cheers.) Accept it as our testimony to the exalted moral heroism, the unswerving fidelity and self-sacrificing constancy which through twenty years you have exhibited in the advocacy of the claims of bleeding and outraged humanity in this country. (Applause.) Accept it as a small token of our gratitude. I know you have, to-night, disclaimed all personal merit, and have confessed to the doing of no more than your duty. But, in the doing of *your* duty, you have taught us *ours*. You have been the instrument of incalculable good to us, by your holy, devoted and consistent life; and though we can never hope to liquidate the debt we owe you, we tender you that acknowledgement of our sense of obligation, which we wish also should speak our gratitude. It is the duty of every man to labor for the benefit of the world in which he lives, and it is the duty also of the world which he labors have blessed to be mindful of its benefactor. (Cheers.) Accept our gift as a pledge that we will not only stand by the principles you advocate, but that we will stand by you, their honored champion—(applause)—and we will deem ourselves unworthy to profess those principles when we become ashamed of you. (Loud cheers.) We wish, besides, that you should accept our offering as something more than an indication of our appreciation of you in your public, exalted, and responsible position, as the leader of the Anti-Slavery hosts of America. We wish our gift to express our profound admiration of your character in all the private relations of life. Those who, like myself, have been privileged to enter the sanctuary of your home, and have had the opportunity of studying your character there, have often for awhile forgotten the editor of *The Liberator*, while contemplating the husband, the father, and the friend. (Enthusiasm.) And now, may the God who first put it into your heart to consecrate your life to this holy cause—who has so often covered your head in the day of battle—who has so greatly prospered you while you have been pleading for his oppressed children—continue to guard, guide and bless! May He be your strength in the work that lies before you! the defender and keeper of those who are dear to you! and finally crown your efforts and your prayers, by granting you the desire of your heart in the consummation of the great cause of Universal Emancipation! [The distinguished orator sat down amid the reiterated plaudits of the assembly.]

Mr. Garrison,—taken wholly by surprise at the proffered gift,—rose with much embarrassment and said—

Mr. President—If this were a rotten egg, [holding up the watch,] or a brickbat I should know how to receive it. (Laughter and cheers.) If these cheers were the yells of a frantic mob, seeking my life, I should know precisely how to behave. But the presentation of this valuable gift is as unexpected by me as the falling of the stars from the heavens; and I feel indescribably small before you in accepting it. A gold watch! Why, I have been compensated in this cause a million times over. In the darkest hour, in the greatest peril, I have felt just at that moment that it was every thing to be in such a cause. I know that the praises which have fallen from the lips of my beloved brother and faithful coadjutor have been spoken in all sincerity; otherwise they would be intolerable. I know that I am among those not accustomed to flatter, and who do not mean to flatter. I know how to appreciate such demonstrations as greet me here to-night. Had it not been for such as are here assembled, we should not have had an Anti-Slavery struggle. I am sorry, my friends, that I have not a gold watch to present to each one of you. (Laughter.) You all deserve one!

One word on religious matters. I think you will bear me witness, that I have not sought to bring my religious views on to the Anti-Slavery platform. There breathes not the man who can say, that on account of a religious difference of opinion, I have refused to unite with him for the abolition of Slavery. I have never stopped to ask, whether he was an Ethiopian or a Caucassian, or a Greek or a Roman, a Jew or a Gentile. If he were opposed to Slavery, I have said, 'Give me your hand!' (Applause.) I have run away from no one—I have abandoned no platform. If others have run away from me, of course I could not help it; and it is not for me to run after them. Certainly, I am a man, entertaining opinions and views on various subjects; but it is absurd, foolish, and wicked in the extreme, to pretend that individuals subscribing to my Anti-Slavery creed must be held responsible for what I believe on other questions. I have never asked nor desired any such endorsement.

As to The Liberator, no one can say that it has not been conducted in an independent and fearless spirit. No man, who is opposed to its sentiments, can say that he has been denied a hearing in its columns. If I have taught the American press anything, it is this—the duty of allowing both sides of every question to be impartially canvassed.

To the unknown friends who have contributed to the presentation of this testimonial to me, I return my heartfelt thanks, and assure them that I intend to be an abolitionist till 'time shall be no longer.'

The period may have been when I was of some consequence to the Anti-Slavery movement: but it is not so now. The cause is safe in the hands of its friends. I owe so much to them all—so much to this dear friend [Mr. Phillips], and to you [Mr. Quincy], and to others whose names I need not call, that it is impossible for me fully to express it. (Cheers.)

As to what I have done abroad, in my three missions to England, let me make a clean bosom of the matter. Had it not been for George Thompson (cheers), those missions would have been measurably unproductive and unimportant. He has just spoken of what *I* did in England. But I declare that he was everything to me—right hand and left hand, soul and body. He made my pathway smooth and plensant, and labored far more abundantly and efficiently than I did, and therefore deserves the credit. (Cheers.)

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AND FUGITIVE SLAVES IN ENGLAND.

Our friend, Wm. P. Powell, now travelling in Great Britain, in a private letter from Glasgow, thus speaks of the estimation in which the slave-hunting law is held there, and the reception which it ensures to the fugitives whom it has driven to take shelter in the Queen's dominions. The people are determined, Mr. Powell says, to hear the truth from "the animal's own mouth:"

"'The Fugitive Slave Bill' is now the all-engrossing subject in all circles, the high, the low, the rich and the poor; all alike condemn the iniquitous Bill in unmeasured terms. On Monday night, January 6th, I attended one of the largest meetings of white citizens I ever witnessed in my life on the slave question, held in the City Hall. The ostensible object of the meeting was to examine and discuss the Fugitive Slave Bill, and to welcome William Wells Brown, and William and Ellen Crafts, the two latter just made their escape from the New York bloodhound, *Millard Fillmore

that of style. Poor man! we don't much wonder he wishes there never had been a fugitive, for then there would never have been a Frederick Douglass. If he should ever encounter another, the English Dictionaries will not contain words enough to express his feelings.

PETITIONS TO THE ASSEMBLY.—We are glad to see that our suggestion last week to petition the Assembly to pass a law prohibitory, as far as may be, of hunting slaves in this States is attracting attention. Not only friends are bestirring themselves in the matter, but even the *Journal of Commerce* is kind enough to republish the petition. It calls it "a petition in favor of nullification and rebellion," and styles Mr. Coffin's bill "infamous;" a testimony to the expediency and wisdom of both which can hardly fail to have due weight. A measure which the *Journal* deprecates and fears, on this question, is well worth a trial.

MR. GEORGE WOOD.—The communication, in another column, relating to Mr. George Wood, and his connection with the Long Case, will not escape, we hope, the attention of our readers. The facts there stated can not be too often repeated, and ought not to be forgotten. The reflections of our correspondent will not fail to commend themselves to every man possessed of a humane heart and well-balanced mind.

IMPORTANCE OF A NAME.—It behooves Northern citizens, when about to make a journey Southward, not only to make their wills, and enter into a careful and minute examination of their trunks and their complexions, lest the one should be found to be unconstitutional, or the other to have an incendiary lining, but they must look to their names also. A similarity in this respect to some one obnoxious to Southern ears may cost a man his life. A Mr. George Thompson, of Massachusetts, was arrested, last week, in a Southern State, and narrowly escaped being lynched. He fortunately, however, succeeded in convincing his hospitable entertainers that he was not the man they took him for.

THE Indiana Constitutional Convention have adopted the provision declaring that no negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage.

Communications.

GEORGE WOOD, ESQ., AND HIS CLIENTS—'THE NEW YORK UNION COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.'

THE recent demonstration by this gentleman and his clients in behalf of human bondage, merits a more particular notice than it has received. The case of Henry Long had been five days in the course of legal investigation. The alleged fugitive was in the custody of the law, and carefully guarded. The slave-catching law was in full and peaceful operation. No unlawful resistance was threatened or apprehended. The claimant had an able, willing and zealous counsel. The rights of the South were in no degree involved in the *result* of the trial—for all that the slaveholders demand in regard to their fugitives was here conceded, to the fullest extent. The title of the claimant was in progress of examination under a law which the slaveholders had made to suit themselves. The defence of the prisoner was maintained only by such legal means as are allowed by the constitution and laws of the land, and which are permitted in the defence of the most atrocious criminals; and even the use of these means was under the entire control of the judicial authorities. Had therefore Henry Long, from the want of evidence, or the operation of the law, been adjudged a freeman, no right of the slaveholders, no principle of the constitution would have been violated. At this stage of the trial an eminent lawyer appeared in court as counsel *against* the freedom of Long. He came, not to save the Union from dissolution nor the majesty of the law from insult—for neither was threatened. He came solely to aid in subjecting an innocent fellow man, created by the same God, and ransomed by the same blessed Redeemer with himself, and an heir of the same immortality, to a life of bondage, of unrequited toil, of ignorance and of brutal degradation. The public press has announced that he came on this errand employed and paid by gentlemen of 'The New York Union Committee of Safety.' It was *money*, then, that induced Mr. Wood to spend his time and exert his talents, and employ the resources of a noble profession, to deprive Long of the blessings of freedom, and to consign him to a hopless and wretched bondage. Mr. Wood cannot plead that it was 'his poverty and not his will' that consented to this act of cruelty. How far his conduct adorns the legal profession, and how far it enhances his claims to the respect of the virtuous and benevolent, are questions worthy of his considertion.

The real clients of Mr. Wood, were, it seems, not the claimant of the slave, nor his agents, but gentlemen of 'The New York Union Committee of Safety'—gentlemen who have proclaimed that the mighty fabric of the American confederacy was in danger of falling in pieces, and who have kindly assumed the onerous task of taking the whole into their safe keeping. The means devised by these gentlemen, for preserving the attraction of cohesion between the several parts of our vast empire are worthy of notice. They published a mighty *stereotype* edition of 'The Proceedings of the Union Meeting, held in Castle Garden," and scattered the pamphlet broad cast over the slave States. In this pamphlet, their own names, one hundred in number, are given, conspicuously in capitals. The speeches made by some of them in behalf of the lawfulness of human bondage are recorded; and to the whole is appended a very long list of those who signed the call for the meeting. The effect of the meeting was to assure the South that the great commercial city of New York was well satisfied with the late acts of Congress for extending Slavery and catching runaways, and was, therefore entitled to a continuance of the southern trade, which many of the slaveholders had threatened to withdraw. It is a significant fact that in this list are to be found the *styles* of about seven hundred firms of the New York merchants and shopkeepers. We have therefore abundance of 'Sons' and 'Brothers' and 'Co's.' and initial letters. The style of the *firm* will lead the southern trader more directly to the *store*, than the insulated names of the partners would have done. The whole list forms a sort of Commercial-Slavecatching Directory, exceedingly convenient for gentlemen visiting this city, and anxious to bestow their favors only on their friends. But some of the southern papers seem disposed to view the whole affair as 'a business transaction,' intended as they express it, 'to sell a little more tape and flannel.' They required some more tangible proof of the devotion of the New York merchants to Slavery than the Castle Garden meeting, the stereotype pamphlet, and the list of names and firms. At this juncture, most fortunately, a fugitive slave was arrested in this city. This was a God-send: 'The Union Committee of Safety' waited on the slavecatcher to express their sympathy, and to console him with the assurance that the operation of the new law would not be interrupted.* Of course, he needed no farther assistance than he already possessed in the counsel of his own choice. But such an opportunity of testifying the zeal of the New York merchants in slave catching was not to be lost, and so the gentlemen put their hands into their pockets and contributed $500† to fee an additional counsel for the benefit of the Virginian. No law, human or divine, required such liberality at their hands; nor do even the slaveholders ask of their northern friends to furnish them with slave-catching lawyers gratis. The fee given to Mr. Wood was therefore a free will offering laid on the common altar of Mammon and Moloch. At the same time, as the newspapers inform us, a portion of the colored population met in Zion's Church, and contributed $100 to employ additional counsel to aid in restoring, by lawful means, an unhappy brother to the rights of humanity. So these despised and poverty stricken people met in God's house, and of their deep penury laid a free will offering upon HIS altar.

Before long, the gentlemen of the Committee and the poor negroes will alike disappear from this scene of action—the earth shall cover them, and the worm shall feed upon them. But a day is coming when they shall stand together before a tribunal which shall demand of them an account of the use they have made of the talents, few or many, which had been entrusted to their stewardship, and they will be approved or condemned by a Judge who is no respecter of persons, who looketh not to the outward appearance, and who has proclaimed that he loveth mercy and hateth oppression.

January, 1851. A. B.

* Says the editor of the Norfolk *Beacon*, January 4. 'We saw yesterday a letter from Dr. Parker, dated Sunday (29 Dec.). Dr. Parker states that the Union Committee had waited upon him, and assured him that he need not feel any uneasiness: that the regular operation of the law would not be interrupted." It was *after* this assurance was given that Mr. Wood appeared as counsel in the case.

† Dr. Parker in a letter of 13th Jan. published in Richmond, says, 'The counsel taken by the Union Safety Committee was eminently praiseworthy. The expense borne by the Committee exceeded $600.'

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

From The North Star.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN N. Y. ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE members and friends of this Society met in Irving Hall on Thursday, Jan. 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Benjamin Fish, the President of the Society, took the Chair; and the meeting was further organized by the appointment of Julia Griffiths and Sarah C. Burtis Secretaries.

Frederick Douglass, Abby Kelly Foster, Abigail Bush, Amy Post, and Asa Anthony were appointed a Business Committee.

While the Committee were out, preparing business for the meeting, Hiram Wilson of Canada made some interesting remarks about the fugitives in Canada, their present suffering condition, notwithstanding the kindness of the people there manifested in their behalf—Mr. Wilson expressed an earnest hope that something could be done for them by the friends of the slave in this vicinity.

Frederick Douglass, from the Business Committee, here reported a series of resolutions, which were received.

Resolved, That American Slavery is a sin of the first rank, a flagrant outrage against human nature, a violation of the first principles of justice, a mockery of our professedly free institutions, a foul disgrace and scandal, and that it ought to be *immediately* and *unconditionally* abolished.

Resolved, That Slavery is not exclusively an institution of the South; but that it is also an institution of the North, and of the West, and of the whole United States, involving in a common guilt and shame, the *whole American people*.

Resolved, That slaveholding can never be defended upon any principles but such as are in accordance with theft, robbery, piracy and murder, and that the fact that Slavery is openly defended, by professed ministers of the gospel, from the American pulpit, implies a blindness of moral vision, a deadness of sensibility a perverseness of spirit, and a proneness to evil, which must shock and alarm every man who feels an intelligent interest in the moral and religious well-being of the nation.

Resolved, That we regard with the fullest measure of detestation and scorn the recent murderous threat of Millard Fillmore, that he is determined to execute the inhuman enactment of Congress, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, "*even at the point of the bayonet*;" and that, notwithstanding this threat, we shall never refuse to give bread or shelter to the panting fugitive, nor to use any means, consistent with christian principles, to "hide the outcast," and to "deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the spoiler."

Resolved, That each individual man is the rightful owner of "*eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections* and *passions*," with which he has been endowed by his Creator, and that no law, constitution, nor compact, can ever invalidate or destroy this natural and inherent self-ownership.

Resolved, That he who attempts, under the fugitive slave law, to enslave a fellowman, does, in that act, disregard the very principles of justice, by which as a man his own life and liberty are secured to him, and if he should be struck down or shot down by his victim in such an attempt, the common sense of mankind could pronounce but *one* judgment upon his fate, (viz) "*it served the villain right*."

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States according to the *popular* interpretation of that instrument, and the uniform practice of the government under it is a slaveholding compact, and that *he* who *swears* to support that compact, agreeing with that interpretation of it, makes himself a partner in the criminality of slaveholding, and ought not to be regarded consistent as the advocate of emancipation.

Resolved, That while we rejoice at the manly stand taken, last winter in Congress, by William H. Seward, John P. Hale, S. P. Chase, Horace Mann, J. R. Giddings, Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Durkee, and other noble friends of freedom, who eloquently opposed the extension of Slavery and the enactment of the horrid fugitive slave bill, we are, nevertheless, impelled to the conclusion, that they are shorn of their moral strength and are rendered comperatively powerless in the presence of slaveholders, while they solemely swear to respect the alleged pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution.

Whereas, strenuous efforts are now being made, by pro-slavery priests, and corrupt politicians, in this State, and elsewhere, to put down Anti-Slavery agitation, and to give peace and quiet to this guilty country and, whereas, we believe that that agitation is founded on the principles of eternal justice, and in the noblest sentiments of the human soul; and, whereas to cease from that agitation is to disregard those principles and sentiments, to prove traitors to God and to man, and to have more than three millions of our countrymen in chains, unpitied, unwept and uncared for; and, whereas peaceful emancipation can be secured, in this country only by changing the moral sentiment of the people on the subject of Slavery; and whereas, this change can alone be effected by the patient and persevering enforcement of the great principles of justice, religion, and morality upon the understanding and the hearts of the people, therefore,

Resolved, That the members of this Society, *do pledge themselves* to renew exertions in promoting the spread of Anti-Slavery principles in Western New York—the *assumed* and *natural* field of labors, and that they so highly approve of the proposition of the Executive Committee, to employ one or more agents to lecture in this region.

Resolved, That as an earnest of our sincerity, and determination to encourage the hearts, and to strengthen the hands of the Executive Committee of this Society, we proceed at once, to raise three hundred dollars, and to place that sum at their disposal.

The meeting was then addressed by Stephen S. Foster He expressed his deep regret at the small degree of interest manifested in this community on the subject of Slavery. He had not attended a meeting in two years where so few were present as on this occasion. Among the many reasons alleged for the apparent coldness and deadness of the community on the subject of Slavery, were some which bore hard upon the abolitionists of this region. He declared that they had not exerted themselves as they ought to have done; that the fault was in them; and experience showed that where there were no agents in the field, there would be little interest in the cause. "Where no seed is sown," said he, "no harvest can be expected." It is impossible to keep up Anti-Slavery feeling in the community without agents. The tremendous influence of the clergy in this locality, is constantly operating against the Anti-Slavery movement; and unless there are agents in the field, it is utterly impossible to keep up Anti-Slavery feeling. Mr. Foster referred to the decline of Anti-Slavery liberality in supporting agents, and in sustaining the Anti-Slavery press, and commended the example of the American Anti-Slavery Society, fourteen years ago, in sending out seventy agents. It was impossible to have prosperity where there was no investment. Men must give to the Anti-Slavery cause to become interested in that cause. "It takes much," he said, "to make a genuine abolitionist." He made reference to *negative abolitionism*; and pointed out the difference between talking and acting. We need to commence with self-examination among ourselves. As in the church they commence revivals with confessions, so we need to confess. We need a new baptism—a new consecration. Every abolitionist ought to feel as if his own dear friends were in Slavery. The plea that we are few in number is no excuse. There are enough present, if but in earnest, to shake the land. Think of that one voice which issued forth from an obscure garret in the city of Boston, twenty years ago. That voice re-echoed through every valley of the South, and filled the nation with alarm, and caused a price of five thousand dollars to be offered for the head of W. L. Garrison. It is not so much what is said, as the manner in which we say it. The people do not care for mere profession. It is powerless. Our actions, not our words, are the true test. We are not aware what we can accomplish, if we determine. The mere not voting, not joining a pro-slavery church, does not entitle a man to the name of an abolitionist. The man who sees his neighbors house on fire, and refrains from assisting to put it out on the plea that he did not set it on fire, nor make it burn, is just as culpable as the incendiary. For one, I am determined to be heard; and if the people will not come to me, I will go to them. "I start with the idea that this community *shall* be converted to Anti-Slavery," said Mr. Foster. "Some men will preach if men will hear: but I am a preacher who will preach "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear." Mr. Foster's remarks were listened to with deep interest by the audience.

Frederick Douglass expressed his gratification at the remarks of Mr. Foster. He said that the smallness of the number who had assembled was to be accounted for by the almost impassable state of the roads leading to the city; and another reason was the want of organization among Abolitionists. The fact is, that the Western N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society, as an organization, is little better than a name, and very few feel any degree of responsibility in regard to its existence or usefulness. Mr. Douglass here called for the reading of the Annual Report, as the best index to the real state of the Society. The reading of the Report was postponed until this afternoon.

The morning session was further occupied by remarks from Hiram Wilson and Stephen S. Foster.

Mrs. Foster suggested that a plan for action was desirable to be discussed at this meeting, rather than fundamental principles. Never has there been such a time for action as now. The fusion of political parties—there being no Whigs, no Democrats, no Free Soilers, all remaining uncommitted—make it comparatively easy to mould the public mind. She declared that the Abolitionists, though small in number, were the most important body in the nation, and alluded to the remarks of Messrs. Calhoun, Clay and Webster in which they say that the Abolitionists must be put down. This little handful of fanatics had endangered the Union, thrown the political parties and churches into confusion, and that by laboring faithfully before the next Presidential campaign, we shall have the satisfaction to see in the field but two organizations—one under the black flag of Slavery, and one under the greyish white of liberty. Our duty is to gain all we can for the highest position—"No union with slaveholders." She exhorted us to "work while it is called day." The Liberty Party, she said, had vanished, as she expected it would do, as all small political organizations were in due time swallowed up by the larger ones. The present Liberty party, under Gerrit Smith, is not strictly speaking, an Anti-Slavery party, but has nineteen reforms to effect, of which Anti-Slavery is one. That party has no agents, and only occasional meetings. A large field, therefore, is now open for the Western N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society. We may secure aid from the members of all parties.

Mrs. Abigail Bush arose to make an excuse for the ministers of Rochester. She said that the ministers were engaged in other good things—Bible, Missionary, and Tract enterprises, and other benevolent objects. It was true that the churches generally were closed against Anti-Slavery meetings, but that we are no longer deprived of the means of reaching the public ear. Corinthian Hall (a very commodious one) has been repeatedly crowded on Sunday evenings, to hear addresses from Frederick Douglass.

S. S. Foster inquired what were the Anti-Slavery resources of this city? whether means could be found to furnish agents for going through this section of country? He referred to the bill, now before the Legislature, presented by Mr. Coffin.

The Annual Report was then read by Mrs. Burtis, and was accepted.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Resolutions were again read by Frederick Douglass Mr. Foster then addressed the meeting. He said the atmosphere of Rochester was heavy, exceedingly heavy, difficult of respiration; a torpor seemed to have hung over this meeting. "I have had," (said he,) "since I came here, no ease, no fluency, no flowing of spirit." He did not know what plan it would be necessary to devise. He however, believed that there must be a storm. Thunder and lightning alone can purify this atmosphere. MORAL thunder is required to purify the public mind. He was *persuaded* that no ordinary appliances could answer the purpose. It was possible that even a *moral earthquake* would be necessary to awaken the people from their apathy. Had there been a crime committed in Rochester, the crime of murder, your city would have boiled with excitement. Now, all is calm and quiet. But is there *no* crime: no cause of alarm. He would sooner take his place with Prof. Webster in judgment than with the ministers of this city. He said, the Abolitionists were on terms with murderers, and to be on such terms of intimacy was to be accessory to murder. He had always had the satisfaction to be called an odd man, a fanatic, because he had always regarded the terms of fellowship with pro-slavery people impossible for a Christian. He had been called an infidel. What is an infidel? One who disobeys God—*no* faithful, *faithless*. The American church is an infidel body. Mr. Foster here portrayed the abominations of the fugitive slave law, and the awful condition of the women in Slavery. He regarded the people of Rochester to be as guilty as those of South Carolina and Georgia, and he would arraign them on the charge of infidelity, and immorality, as much deserving a place in the States Prison, at Auburn, as the vilest prisoner ever sent there. He was a peace man, and he believed in the scripture that exhorteth, "as far as in you lieth, if it pe possible, live peaceably with all men." But his doctrine was, "*first pure, then peaceable*." "We have no right, (said he,) to be at peace with the ungodly. To be at peace with wicked men is to be recreant to christianity."

We have not entered into the wrongs of the slave as we ought to enter into them. Revenge finds little lodgment in the bosoms of the colored people, or they had long since been free. Mr. Foster continued in a strain of the most pointed denunciation of the hypocrisy, wickedness and guilt of the American church in respect to Slavery, and only desired that men should place themselves in the condition of the slave to see the conduct of the church in the same light with himself.

Mr. D. Codding stated some facts relative to the Rev. Mr McIlvaine's sermon on the death of General Taylor, in which the Rev. gentleman regards (among other things) the death of General Taylor as a judgment on the nation for their unfaithfulness to their constitutional obligations; that Rochester had been guilty in this particular, in that she had not returned to bondage the three hundred fugitives who were here!

Meeting adjourned until half-past six.

On re-assembling, the resolutions before the meeting were again read by F. Douglass.

S. S. Foster submitted a resolution in denunciation of religious and political editors who were in favor of the fugitive slave bill, classing them with pickpockets, pirates and assassins. Mr. Foster made a long and powerful speech, in support of his resolution. He was followed by Mr. Pickard, on the same side. Rev. Mr. May dissented from the views of the previous speakers. He saw no advantage in calling a slaveholder a pickpocket, and the like names. His philosophy differed entirely from that of Mr. Foster and Mr. Pickard. The worst thing that a slaveholder could be called was a *slaveholder*. Mr. May illustrated his method of dealing with such offenders by several very striking anecdotes of his own experience, in which he had avoided the use of every harsh epithet, and yet had produced the desired impression on the mind. He relied more upon a faithful description of the crime of the offender than upon the epithet by which that crime was characterized. Mr. May glanced at the great responsibility of editors, and dwelt with much point upon the course pursued by the *Syracuse Star* in respect to the late Convention. He said that that paper had recommended the prosecution and punishment of the officers of that Convention.

Frederick Douglass was glad that this discussion had taken this turn; the manner of advocating the cause of the slave was of great importance. The *very best* instrumentalities ought to be used in such a cause. There was, however, no absolute and unvarying rule by which to determine the matter. The silvery mildness of Mr. May, and the scathing denunciation of Mr. Foster were alike essential to the success of this cause. When men will consent to have their conduct examined, and are disposed to reason, epithets are unnecessary, but when they are proud of their utter indifference to the enslavement of mankind, and do actually glory in their own shame, then we need fire as well as light. Epithets are necessary then in such cases. The very impression which they produce is indispensable to the salvation. "I therefore see work for both my friends;" (said he,) "the rough battle-axe of brother Foster, may be used with effect in the same field with the smooth silver blade of brother May."

Mr. Foster again explained his views, and quoted largely from the 23d of Mathew, in support of his method of dealing with pro-slavery sinners. He said that the men of Rochester were walking corpses, and that nothing short of thunder and lightning would rouse them.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The meeting commenced by the Rev. S. J. May proposing and reading a series of resolutions, which were adopted.

A resolution, on the necessity of immediate *action*, was read by F. Douglass, who added a few remarks on the subject. He was followed by the Rev. S. J. May, who exhorted the meeting to remember the immense importance of the present crisis.

Mr. Milo D. Codding next addressed the audience; beseeching them to use the present time aright. "*Now*, if ever," he said, "Anti-Slavery effort will pay." Political parties were broken up. It is an indisputable fact that the slaveholders now bestow more food and clothing on their slaves, than they used to do a few years ago; this was owing to the abolitionists, and should be one ground of encouragement to them *to go on*.

Mr. Codding was followed by Frederick Douglass, who spoke in support of the resolution; and said, this resolution involves the question, "*to be, or not to be?*" "Shall the Western New York Anti-Slavery Society "REALLY LIVE once again? or shall it continue to "have a name to live, and be dead? You have usually "appointed '*an Executive Committee*.' The very name "implies action and doing. The names of the Committee have appeared in the papers and have been "heard of far and wide. The friends in England, "Scotland and Ireland have read of the Executive "Committee of the Western New York Anti-Slavery "Society. What have this Committee effected? They "have no agent in the field; they can have no agents. "You have given them no money to expend in the "cause; and while you voted them into office, you tied "their hands, and rendered them powerless and useless. Shall we renew this *solemn* farce? The time "for action has now come. A resolution, commending "a good principle, is good, *as far as it goes*. A resolution against the fugitive slave law is a good thing, "as far as is goes. But some *practical effect* is desirable; and if our efforts are characterized by earnestness and sincerity, we shall witness these practical "effects."

Mr. Douglass then made reference to the anti-corn law movement in England, and its eventual triumph, after a seven years' campaign. He concluded with an earnest exhortation to the Western N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society to "*do their duty*."

Mr. Foster then addressed the meeting on the importance of immediately deciding upon some plan of operations. He suggested that the first thing for a successful Anti-Slavery campaign, was an earnest Executive Committee. He stated that four agents were needed in Western New York, and that men could now be found for the work, if funds could be raised to sustain them in the field. He referred to the zeal of the churches, and recommended the abolitionists to copy their enterprise.

After a few remarks from Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Foster made an earnest appeal to the friends of the slave to act in some decisive and business-like manner—not to be discouraged by the smallness of their numbers, but to remember that it is usually the few who take the responsibility.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

On the meeting being called to order, the Rev. S. J. May again read the memorial to the Legislative assembly, and made some propositions respecting it. He was followed by Mr. Bloss, who made remarks concerning the proposed memorial.

Mrs. Foster addressed the meeting on the cruelty and iniquity of the fugitive slave law, and on the necessity of carrying out measures to counteract its baneful effects. She urged the meeting to definite action.

S. S. Foster followed by making a powerful speech on the guilt of the American Churches. He was interrupted by Mr. Avery, who raised some objections to Mr. Foster's wholesale denunciation, and endeavored to explain the difference between the true and the false church. He regretted the want of discrimination on the part of Mr. Foster. Mr. Foster explained, and a somewhat lengthy discussion between the two gentlemen ensued. After which Mr Foster spoke warmly on the fugitive slave law, and the meeting adjourned to be resumed in the evening.

FRIDAY EVENING.

On the meeting being called to order, Mr. May submitted a proposition that $100 be immediately raised, and placed at the disposal of the Committee to satisfy present emergences. This proposition appeared to be approved by the friends in general. Remarks were made by S. S. Foster and Milo D. Codding, and a collection of the funds was commenced. Mrs. Foster and Mr. May made brief addresses, during the taking up of the money. It seemed to come but slowly.

Frederick Douglass again addressed the meeting. Some present might say, "this is not the entertainment to which I was invited;" this is not what I expected. I came to hear fine speeches, *not* to give money.

I have now an announcement to make. The Western N. Y. A. S Society have raised $60. Stand back, Slaveholders; fear and tremble! As evidence of our deep interest in the poor fugitive, this sum will not make them very uneasy. After a strenuous appeal from Mr. Douglass, twenty more dollars were raised by the meeting, and Mrs. Foster gave a brief but fervent address on *individual responsibility* in the slave question. She quoted considerably from the 25th of Matthew; referred to the poor slave meeting us in judgment, and the Saviour condemning us there for unfaithfulness to our brother in bonds.

A Resolution was then read in reference to the proposed visit of Mr. Thompson to Rochester, Mr. May, and Mr. and Mrs. Foster pronounced a high eulogy on his character and attainments.

After which Frederick Douglass gave an interesting sketch of the history of this eloquent champion of freedom, and ended his speech by a spirit-stirring appeal to the friends of the slave to give their English friend a warm welcome to this city. A few remarks were then made by Mr. Bloss, and the meeting closed.

JULIA GRIFFITHS,
SARAH A. BURTIS, } Secretaries.

Congressional.

AMISTAD CASE.

IN the Senate on Friday last, Mr. MASON's resolution, directing inquiry into the propriety of paying Spanish claimants arising out of the Amistad case, was taken up.

Mr. CHASE repeated the circumstances of the Amistad case, and denied any justice in the claims against the United States on account of these claims.

Mr. HALE said this claim was the most outrageous demand ever heard of in these days of perfect harmony and fraternal love, when agitators were dead and agitators quieted. It was not safe to push the moral sense of people too far by such claims as these. Though those who have resisted Slavery may now be tranquil, their feeling was still existing at the bottom of seeming tranquility.

Mr. CLAY said this resolution is one of inquiry. His opinions on the justice of claims were not fixed either in favor of or against it. He could not but remark on the evidence that the peace and harmony of recent measures were more effectual than the conduct of certain Senators. The agitation on domestic Slavery was at an end, and the Senator from New Hampshire and those who act with him seize upon every question relating to foreign Slave Trade, and endeavor to make some capital out of it, to revive agitation on the subject of domestic Slavery. The Senator from New Hampshire voted in the minority on the Slave Trade the other day. The Senator himself admits that the party of which he has been a leader is now at the bottom, and there, I hope, they and all others who desire agitation on the subject of domestic Slavery will remain forever. I believe they will never rise again to disturb the country.

Mr. HALE said he never had introduced agitation. He did not introduce the Slave Trade project the other day, nor did he introduce this proposition. The Senator from Kentucky undertook to read him a lecture of a personal character. He was lectured under the belief that he was at the bottom. He knew no one more capacitated from experience to lecture on conduct becoming those at the bottom than the Senator from Kentucky. He was no prophet, but he would venture to declare that every man who placed himself as a candidate for popular favor in any State in the Union, on the ground of being the author or supporter of the quiescent compromise of the last session, would find himself in the position of the man spoken of in the Greek fable who, when the ship was wrecked, and while every one seized something to support him in the sea, unfortunately took hold of the anchor and was carried to the bottom.

The CHAIR said he must arrest this debate. The Compromise was not the subject before the Senate.

Mr. HALE said according to military law, when a man is arrested he gives up his sword. I yield.

Mr. MASON said the resolution was one of inquiry only. The subject had been recommended to the attention of Congress by President Polk.

Mr. CHASE said he would introduce any subject and would speak on any subject he thought proper, regardless of what the Senator from Kentucky or any one else might say. He never introduced agitation.

Mr. HALE moved the resolution lay on the table. Lost—Yeas, 6 Nays 43. The six Yeas, were Messrs Baldwin Chase, Hale, Hamlin, Upham and Walker.

Mr. WINTHROP had voted six times while in Congress against the allowance of the claim, but he knew no principle for which a resolution inquiring into the propriety of allowing a claim against the United States should not be adopted.

The resolution was then adopted.

Miscellaneous News.

——MISS BREMER AND COLONIZATION.—The distinguished authoress of Sweeden lately passed down the Ohio and Mississippi for New Orleans. While at Cincinnati, she expressed a wish to get copies of the lectures upon African Colonization by Mr. Cristy, the Agent of the Colonization Society for Ohio. This request was communicated to Mr. Christy, and he forwarded his three lectures to Miss Bremer, expressing in a written note his regret at not being able to call upon her on account of the severe illness of his eldest daughter, who was lying in the last stage of consumption.

Upon receiving the lectures, Miss B. returned the following note of thanks:

CINCINNATI, 9th Dec. 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:—Receive my heartfelt thanks for your letter and lectures, and still more for your views and working in the question about emancipation and Slavery. They are the first ones I have met which have inspired me—I mean have made me feel inspired glowing on the subject—and opened to me great views, great possibilities in the cause. They have made me truly delighted. My nature is too adverse to polemics to have been able to sympathize or to be warmed by the ultra abolitionists. But I adore the ideal, the perfect and true, and only from that central point can all relative points come out in their true light, true relations; and only from that point is any strong organizing power to be exercised. I congratulate you most sincerely on the view of the cause you have taken up, and the way you are working it out, and myself to be instructed by your writings.

May this great work be a comforter to you in the sorrows of your heart! May your daughter pass away without bitter pains or pangs, and I will say with the old saying—which seems very true—'Those that the gods love are taken away in their youth!'

Yours, very truly,
FREDRIKA BREMER.

——CHARGE OF TRAFFICKING IN SLAVES.—U. S. District Attorney's Office, Jan. 31—William Tyson was arrested on a charge of fitting out the brig Ramon de Zaldo, for the purpose of engaging in the slave trade. The information of John Gilbert, a native of Calcutta states that he shipped as a seaman on board the Ramon de Zaldo, at Rio, from whence the vessel proceeded to Paranagua, and he then became cook and steward, in which capacity he remained on board until they arrived at Cabenda, in Africa. On their way to Cabenda, they stopped at Ambriz and the river Congo. There were on board the brig a Portuguese crew of twenty-eight men, and an American crew of eight men, including captain and mate. The vessel lay at Ambriz twenty-four hours. The cargo consisted of farina, beans, jerked beef, water, and rice, and would subsist seven hundred persons for five months. The captain and some of the American seamen left at Cabenda, but the mate, who is since dead, remained on board. About one-third of the provisions was put ashore at the River Congo, and also several crates of crockery ware. There still, however, remained on board about twice as much farina, &c., as would supply a full cargo of slaves during an ordinary voyage. We remained, said Gilbert, at the River Congo one week; it was expected that a cargo of slaves would have been shipped there, but their plans were frustrated by finding in the harbor two French war steamers and an English brig of war. They could find no slaves at Ambriz, or they would have shipped them there. On arriving at Cabenda, not a vessel lay there; and a signal was hoisted from our mast head, as we were sailing in, which was instantly replied to by an answering signal from a flag staff on shore. In a few moments a number of boats, filled with slaves, were seen coming from the shore towards us, and just before they reached our gangway the anchor was dropped, and within twenty-three minutes from that time a cargo of six hundred and fifty slaves was transferred from the twenty boats which brought them off to the brig. The vessel was immediately got under way, and left the harbor with the six-hundred and fifty slaves, and a crew of thirty-three or thirty-four men, including Capt. Carlo (a Portuguese), and Melio and Carvillo, first and second mates. The cargo of slaves was conveyed to, and landed at, Havanna. It was, I think, on the 5th August, 1849, the brig left Rio for Paranagua, and she arrived at Cabenda on the 14th October. I and two other persons were sent ashore at Cabenda, where we remained nineteen days, and then departed for Brazil in a vessel belonging to the establishment from which the slaves were shipped on board the Ramon de Zaldo. The brig was afterwards sold at Rio.

William F. Price deposed that the Ramon de Zaldo left New York in ballast; she took a cargo of flour from Virginia to Bahia; she continued on to Rio in ballast, where she discharged it, took a fresh cargo, and proceeded on to Paranagua.

Mr. Tyson was held to bail in the sum of $3,000.

——COTTON POLITICS AND COTTON PRINCIPLES.—The public attention is called to a handbill which purports to have been issued in this city, and has been circulated, we learn, very extensively in the slave States. Merchants and editors here have received copies from the south, the persons sending them being desirous, it is presumed, to keep us posted up as to what is doing among us. In re-publishing this handbill, no design is entertained of doing service to the *enterprising* editors, who seem to have enlisted in their support a few of our mercantile firms who deal largely in cotton-goods—and several prominent politicians who are "clothed in" cotton "and fare sumptuously every day;" but the object is to let the people of the north, mercantile, mechanical, professional and agricultural—see what strange unions, combinations and amalgamations, are made now-a-days for the preservation of the Union and the sale of cotton goods and cotton principles!

"A SOUTHERN PRESS IN NEW YORK.

"The Cheapest Business and Family Paper in the World.

"The Weekly Journal.

"A commercial and general independent newspaper, with this title, is published every Saturday morning, at 122½ Fulton and 2 Wall street, New York, (office of the DAY BOOK,) at the low price of

"Two Dollars per Annum."

(Here follows a statement of what the readers may expect in the columns of this "Southern Press in New York." Its columns "are not occupied with romances and sentimental fiction, &c., &c." From this statement we copy the following paragraph:)

"The Day Book has taken strong grounds against the abolition movement in the north, and in favor of carrying out the Fugitive Slave law. It was the first to suggest the calling of a Union Meeting of the Merchants, and has been condemned and abused for taking the part of the South, and publishing the names of merchants in this city who live on southern trade, and at the same time are spending the profits of that trade in publishing abolition tracts and newspapers. There are a good many of this sort in the north, and this paper is pledged to tell the South who they are. It will 'cry aloud and spare not,' as long as there is an opposer of the Fugitive Slave law in the land."

Underneath this prospectus is the following, in large type; the mercantile firms belonging to this city:

"We are subscribers to the 'Day Book,' from which 'The Weekly Journal' is compiled, and can recommend it to the public as deserving of patronage, and worthy the attention of country merchants:

Carleton & Co.,	Daniel Webster, Mass.,
F. S. & D. Lathrop,	Jefferson Davis, Miss.,
Doremus & Nixon,	Henry S. Foote, Miss.,
Gilbert, Prentiss & Tuttle,	Daniel S. Dickinson, N. Y.,
Henrys, Smith & Townsend,	George E. Badger, N. C.,
Blackfield & West,	Lewis Cass, Mich.,
Woodbury, Hope & Co.,	F. Granger, N. Y.,
Clark & Work.	Wm. Duer, N. Y.,

"N. R. STIMSON and G. G. FOSTER, Editors."

No confidence can be had in the permanency of any associations or unions founded upon false principles, whether the parties be trading-merchants or trading-politicians; and as to a "Southern Press in New York," had we been consulted we should have advised that there was a sufficient number of them already.—*Cor. Evening Post.*

——ANOTHER SLAVE CASE IN BOSTON.—Some months ago a colored man left North Carolina for the best reasons in the world. Though honest and innocent, he was obliged to steal his passage in a Northern vessel, which he did at the expense of no small suffering. When he arrived in this city he was taken into the employment of one of our large manufacturers, who is too much of a man to obey the blood hound law.—But a knowledge of his whereabout got back to his former residence and an agent was sent on for him. This agent was hospitably entertained by the New York Castle Garden Committee of Safety, who furnished him with aid and comfort and a *lawyer*—one Spencer, as it is understood. This Spencer entered into the business with great zeal. He thought this a test case. Here was a responsible man harboring and conceiling a fugitive in open violation of the law. To carry out the law in such a case would cement the Union like a thousand of brick. The agent and his legal blood-hound came on to Boston. We published last Monday how their spies were lurking about a certain establishment. They crawled up into a place which overlooked it and saw their victim.

Thus was everything prepared for the execution of the law. The requisite warrant was, at the instance of lawyer Spencer, duly obtained and placed in the hands of Marshal Devens. The North Carolina agent was not to be split on the rock which had been fatal to Hughes—he had good legal advice and proceeded legally and cautiously. But lest Marshal Devens should temporize and hesitate as in the other case it had been provided that he should have *tools* to go through the rougher part of the "disagreeable duty." Three ruffians, cast off constables or the like, with no character to lose, who boasted sufficiently of their "alacrity," were employed under large rewards to make the arrest. The warrant was placed in their hands, with orders indorsed—by whom we are not informed—*to bring in the man, dead or alive!* But they did n't do it. They reconnoitered abundantly, but made no attack.

We have it from a private source that after viewing deliberately the enemy's camp, their couraged oozed out at the ends of their fingers, and Marshal Devens not having any particular stomach to lay *his* life on the altar of this sort of patriotism, the New York Safety Committee's lawyer retired in disgust, cursing the Boston blood hounds for their want of pluck. They would give their money, he said, but not one atom of personal assistance.—*Commonwealth*, 31*st*,

——DISPERSION OF THE MEMBERS OF COLORED CHURCHES.—The Baptist colored Church at Buffalo has suffered a large dispunition of its members in consequence of the Fugitive Slave Law. One hundred and thirty of the communicants, as we are informed by the pastor, left the place from fear of arrest on the charge of being fugitive slaves, and passed over to Canada.

The Methodist Church, in the same place, has also lost a considerable number of its members from the same cause. There is said to be among these more disposition to make a stand, and to evade or resist the law than among their Baptist brethren. Somebody had advised them to arm themselves and defend their liberty. The Baptist pastor, however, told his people that he found in the Gospel examples which justified running away, but no examples which warranted fighting.

The Colored Bapt

Poetry.

From "The Portfolio" of the London Leader.

The Remorse of Pontius Pilate.

BY G. H LEWES.

[There is a legend which relates how Pontius Pilate, after the Crucifixion, was filled with remorse for his share in the transaction, and wandered restlessly from Jerusalem to Switzerland, where, ascending the mountain now bearing his name (*Monte Pilato*), he threw himself into the lake below. I have given this legend the coloring which some ancient Christian narrator may be supposed to have given it, and not the feeling a Roman Governor is likely to have felt.]

Gloomily sat Pontius Pilate, — Pilate, fearing
Dark in gloomy thought sat he, — he hath acted
Sorely troubled in his spirit — sinfully and
That he had not set Him free. — cowardly in
Many a quick and eager yearning — delivering Christ
(Roused by the Divine One's face) — to his enemies,
Had been stifled by the clamors — is sorely troubled.
Of the accursed Jewish race.

Gladly would he have released Him—
Sore perplexed was he with doubts;
But the assembled Jews around him
Tore the air with hideous shouts:
Envious Elders, red-haired Spies,
And angry Mob with restless eyes,
With vulture-looks and maddening cries,
Tore the air with hideous shouts.

And, as he heard that frantic yell,
The coward heart of Pilate fell.

Now to his gloom came added horror, — The heavens
Hearing how Jesus died: — declare the deed
By *that* he knew it was the Saviour — to be a deed of
He had crucified. — lasting infamy.
Upon the sky the lightning
Writ with a hurried hand
The bright words of God's anger
Against the Jewish land.
The thunder burst in curses;
There fell a blinding rain;
Then was the vail of the Temple
Rent like a shred in twain.

Then Pilate's brow grew darker, — and Pontius
Deeper his agony; — Pilate is stricken with remorse
For he had slain The Saviour,
And might have set him free!
A lump of ice was in his breast,
Changing to burning fire,
And then to freezing ice again,
In dread of God's great ire!

He was seized with a grim remorse;
He was burned with a raging fire;
He was iced with the ghastly fear
Of the Everlasting's ire!
Grim remorse and lasting ire,
Icy fear and raging fire,
Shrill despair and sickening terror,
Hateful consciousness of error,
Followed him where'er he went:
A just and fearful punishment.

Away, away, he wandered far — Then Pilate
Over the burning sands; — wandereth afar
But the burning sand, the parched-up — pursued by his
sand, — remorse.
Was cool and moist as a meadow-land
To his burning, burning hands:
His burning hands, his parched-up mouth,
Were moist to the fever of his heart's drouth!
The red sun baked his dusty limbs,
And baked his haggard face,
Until he blackened to the sight
Like to the Jewish race.
The red sun shrivelled up his beard,
And shrivelled up his hair,
All grizzly with the common dust—
Grizzly as old men's are.

Away, away, he wandered far, — He escapeth
Over hill and over plain; — from man, but
Nor stayed he ever, day nor night, — cannot escape
Nor stayed he in his useless flight — from himself;
From the everlasting pain. — for, lo! his dark
He walked out in the moonlight, — Conscience, like
For the shadows startled him; — a guilty second
But *there* moved his own shadow, — self, accompanieth him.
Terrible and dim.
Beside him, when the sun went up,
And when the sun went down,
And when the moon rolled up the sky,
There stood, where'er he turned his eye,
The shadow, like a frown!

And ever fixed before his eyes — The Saviour's
Was that Divine One's face, — face accompanieth him: its
In its mild earnestness and love, — mildness and its
Its godlike human grace; — beauty to him,
Unutterable depth of love — how terrible!
Beaming from its eyes:
A face all written o'er with grief
And human sympathies.

The peasants, as he passed them, — Men shudder at
Looked pale at one another; — his apparition,
The child gazed at him wistfully, — and avoid him.
Then crept close to its mother.
E'en lovers, as he crossed them,
Were moved to pitying sighs;
And for a time forbore to look
Into each other's eyes.
For on his brow and on his face
Was stamped the brand of Cain;
His features delicately lined
With the keen hand of Pain.
Iscariot had hanged himself, — He recalleth
Escaping thus despair! — the fate of Iscariot, and envieth it, but cannot imitate it.
And Pontius Pilate envied him,
But envied him with fear,
He longed to die—he hated life;
But he had not the will;
For the thought of death—the fear of death
Was more terrific still.
Life was a curse—a cleaving curse,
To him an endless curse;
But death might be . . he knew not what . .
But, oh! it might be worse! — Death, the dim terror, seareth
So, many days and many nights, — his wretched
He wandered on alone: — soul and forceth
And many nights and many days — him to bear his
He wandered, wandered on. — burden longer.

Across the Syrian deserts, — Wandering
Across the burning sands, — much and wearied, he
Had Pontius Pilate wandered — reacheth the
And reached the Switzers' land. — fair Helvetia.
From burning plains and pathless plains
The wanderer had come—
To verdant vales and icy vales,
Hoping to find a home.
There chamois-haunted mountains rose,
Aspiring to the sky;
And mighty groves of chestnut-trees
Met everywhere the eye.
Innumerable glaciers gleamed
In the bright morning sun;
And mountains reddened like to gold
When the lusty day was done.
And branchless trunks of shattered pines,
Shattered by falling snow—
Masses of snow that momently
Came thundering below:
Which, as they fell, were sometimes crushed
To powder by the shock,
Then, like some mimic waterfall,
Flowed over the steep rock.

This was the spot, the enchanting spot, — His sorrow is
Where Pontius Pilate came; — an inward sorrow and changeth not with
But here, as everywhere he found — change of scene.
His passion still the same!
The icecrags frowned above him,
And frowned the dark ravine;
The shadow-haunted Wanderer
Had only changed the scene!
His haggard heart he could not rid
Of its all-cruising load;
He could not drive away that face—
The face of the living God!

Aslant the verdant lawn was thrown
A dim swift shadow—'twas his own.
That shadow shifted o'er the snow,
The shudder of eternal woe;
And in the valley's greenest space
Looked out on him The Saviour's face!
Then Pilate prayed unto the silent sky;
And as he prayed in that wild spot,
And the same azure heavens answered not,
Their silence made it terrible to die!

Wearily did Pontius Pilate — He reacheth
Press the mountain side: — Monte Pilato,
Vainly did he seek oblivion — and gazeth
Of Him crucified! — down upon
Up that lofty jagged mountain — the sea of mist.
Bearing now his name, — Its loneliness
Driven by remorse and terror, — maketh him
Pontius Pilate came. — yearn for the

There, arrived at the snow-summit, — companionship
His brain grew dizzy then; — of crime.
He wished once more to be among
The crowd of busy men—
Of Pharisees and Sadducees—
That he might see, in them,
How could be borne the crime that drove
Him from Jerusalem.
And at this thought there rose a face, — Insensibly the
Grim pearing from the mist: — thought of *them*
'Twas the red-haired traitor, Judas!— recalleth Judas
He who betrayed and kissed! — to his mind;
Horror gives horrent shapes to thought; — and growing
And dangling in the air — madness shapeth a phantasm.
Was the ghastly corpse of Judas,
Hung by his own red hair!
Yes, hanging there, and swinging
All idly in the wind,
As Pontius gazed, tumultuously — It becometh
These thoughts rushed through his mind: — possible to die.
If *he* could be like Judas—
A pale nonentity.
If death could be no more than death,
How gladly would he die!

Then Pilate laughed exultingly: — Madness bursteth in a storm
His laugh was like a vulture's cry; — upon his brain,
And echoes answered far and near, — and he dieth
Startling the chamois' eager fear. — blaspheming.
He was seized with a mad desire;
He was burned with a raging fire;
And dared the Everlasting's ire,
Blinding thoughts and mad desire,
Icy fear and raging fire,
Shrill despair and sickening terror,
Hateful consciousness of error,
Seized him with a maniac force,
And put an end to all remorse.
He glared defiance at the sky,
Then sprang exulting from on high;
Dropped like a stone into the lake below,
And stilled his throbbing heart in its cool bed of snow.

JANUARY, 1843.

Miscellany.

Useless Things.

A TALE.

Translated for the (Glasgow) 'Examiner and Times.'

"The Paris diligence!" sung out the waiter, opening the door of the dining room of the Grand Pelican, at Colmar.

A traveller, about the middle term of life, who was just finishing breakfast, started up at this announcement, and ran to the hotel door, where the heavy coach has just stopped. At the same moment a young man put his head out of the coach door. They recognised each other at once, and both uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Oh, father!" "Well, Camille!"

The coach door was rapidly flung open; the new comer sprung out, clearing the steps at one bound, and threw himself into the arms of the old traveller, who held him a long time in his embrace.

The father and son had not seen each other for six years, which the latter had passed at London with an uncle of his mother. The death of this relation, who had made him his heir, at length allowed him to return to the paternal roof, which he had quitted when scarcely beyond childhood, and which he now revisited with the fulness of majority fresh upon him.

After the first thrill of tenderness, and the first questions, M. Isidore Berton proposed to Camille to set out immediately for their country house, near Ribeauville. The son, impatient to see the place of his birth, gladly agreed. The chaise was horsed, and they started.

There is, in these first interviews after a long separation, a certain embarrassment of curiosity, which intersperses the conversation with involuntary silences. No longer accustomed to each other, they study and watch each other, endeavoring to discover the changes which time has wrought mutually in ideas and appearance; they seek out the past in the aspect of the present, with a sort of anxious uncertainty. M. Berton especially was most desirous to know the young man who thus returned to him in the place of the child he had seen depart. Like a doctor examining a patient, he questioned him slowly, watched all his impressions, and analysed his smallest remarks. In continuing his study, however, he allowed himself to be carried away by the current of the conversation, and commenced talking of his own tastes and occupations since his son's departure.

The proprietor of Ribeauville was neither savan nor artist; but, though unable to produce, he loved what others produced. It was to him a mirror, which, without creating anything, reflected the creation. No foresight of intellect was indifferent to him—no emotion foreign to him. He was interested in all discoveries, all experiments, encouraged all endeavors. For him to live was not merely to keep alive the spark kindled by God in us all, but also to increase it, and brighten it, by other sparks. Blessed with leisure, by means of his rich patrimony, he had been able to develop freely his desires; not being chained down to any track, he had trod them all after the travellers of science, supporting their courage by his rewards or his sympathies. In Alsace he had been at the head of every enterprise in favor of literature, science, or art, and the museums of Strasbourg had been enriched by his presents. At that very time he was making costly excavations in the sides of a mound where some vestiges of antique potteries had been discovered. In passing, he pointed out to his son this "Roman mound," and told him that he had only been able to obtain it from its former owner by exchanging for it an acre of his best meadow land.

Cammille uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You think me very foolish, don't you?" said M. Berton, looking at him.

"I beg your pardon, father," replied the young man, "but I can't help wondering at the bargain."

"Why so?"

"Because it seems to me that we should always think of the utility of everything, and surely this barren hillock cannot be worth an acre of meadow."

"I see you're not an archæologist."

"True; I could never find what these old potsherds prove; or what's the use of such interest in extinct generations.

M. Berton looked at his son, but did not reply. Anxious to know him completely, he did not wish to frighten away his confidence by a debate; so there passed some minutes of silence. It was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation from Camille. He had just caught a glimpse, in the distance, among the trees, of the great tower of the old manor.

"Oh, ay! It's my observatory," said the father, smiling; "for I'm not only an antiquary, my good fellow—I've had myself turned into astronomer also."

"You, father!"

"Yes, I have transformed our turret into a workroom, and fixed up a telescope there, with which to examine what's going on in the stars."

"And do you find pleasure in busying yourself about things out of your reach, which you can't change, and which bring you in nothing?"

"Well, it employs the time," said M. Berton, who continued to avoid a serious discussion; "and, in truth, you'll find a deal more of the same sort. The old poultry yard has been turned into an aviary, and the orchard into a botanic garden."

"All these changes must have cost you a great deal?"

"Ay, and they bring me in nothing."

"That's to say, you are obliged to condemn them yourself."

"Well, I wont say no; but here we are arrived; we must get down and go in."

The coachman took the horses' heads, and our two travellers left him to take the chaise to the coach-house, while they entered the hall.

Camille found the vestibule encumbered with old arms, with geological specimens, and herbals illustrating the Alsatian flora.

"Can you not get a pin for your cloak?" said M. Berton, who saw him looking round with a sort of disappointment. "That, to be sure, would be more useful than my curiosities. But let us go in to the salon."

The salon was adorned, from the plinths to the cornices, with paintings, rare drawings, or cases of medals. The landlord would have directed his son's admirations to some of the cases, but the latter pleaded ignorance.

"In good sooth, all that is of little importance," said M. Berton, with good nature; "we are big children whom these curiosities amuse. But I see with pleasure that you have laid hold of life by its practical side."

"That I owe to my uncle Barker," observed Camille, with a modesty somewhat theatrical. "He complained often of the time and treasure thrown away for the frivolous marvels of art; and sought, in vain, for the profit humanity could gain from a dirty paper, or daubed canvass."

They were interrupted by a domestic announcing dinner, who handed M. Berton, a new book, just arrived by post. It was the ardently expected work of a favorite poet. He set himself at first to glance over it; but, stopping soon, and shutting the book—

"What!" said he, "was I going to keep back your dinner for the sake of verses! Uncle Barker would never have forgiven me."

"I fear not," said Camille, smiling, "for he was accustomed to ask of what use poems were."

Father and son sat down to table, and the conversation continued on the same subject. Camille developed freely the opinions he had picked up from Uncle Barker; for the cautious uncle had taught him to be sincere—only this sincerity resulted less, with the old economist, from worship of the true than from love of the useful. He respected the right line, not because it was right, but because he knew it to be the shortest. For him, a lie was a false calculation—vice, a bad investment—passion, an outrageous expense. In everything, utility imposed the supreme law. Hence such an avidity in even the good deeds of the old worthy, that his very virtues seemed only problemns well solved.

Camille had adopted the doctrines of his uncle with the ardor with which youth accepts absolutism. Bringing everything to the bar of this definitive question—of what use is it?—his reasoning (which he mistook for reason) had reduced the social deities to mathematical proportions. Cured, as he said, of the mental alienation called poesy, he had treated life like the wise fellow who scraped off a picture by Titian, in order to have a canvass clean and fit for some purpose.

M. Berton listened to the development of his opinions, without exhibiting either discontent or impatience. He offered some objections which the young man refuted victoriously, appeared struck with his reasons, and did not leave him without declaring that they must talk it over again.

Next day, and almost every day after, M. Berton did, in fact, bring the same subject under discussion, giving in, more and more, as if gained by persuasion. Camille became his father's professor, redoubling his eloquence on feeling himself triumph. In the end, when obliged to absent himself a short time to visit some relations living in the neighborhood, he left M. Berton completely converted.

He was away for eight days. This time had sufficed to cause the buds to burst forth and to cover the fields with flowers. By the time he returned, spring shone out everywhere in her young splendor. The swallows swam in the blue sky with joyous cries; the songs of the peasant girls, ascending from the farmsteadings, seemed to reply to those of the shepherds wandering over the fallows; and the softened breeze, waving over the young green grain, scattered upon all the roads the odors of the hawthorn, the primrose, and the violet.

Notwithstanding his systematic insensibility to all poetry, Camille could not quite escape from that of this re-wakening of nature. Without noticing it, he allowed himself to be gained by the charms of the light, the song, the perfumes. An involuntary emotion mastered him, and he reached the manor in a sort of intoxication.

He met his father in the middle of the parterre which served as court. M. Berton was surrounded with workmen, whom he was making root out the flowers and tear up the shrubs. Two fine lilacs, which shaded the windows with their balmy flowertufts, had just been cut down to make firewood.

The young man could not restrain a cry of surprise.

"Ah, you're there!" said M. Berton, on noticing him; "and quite apropos, too. Come, and enjoy your triumph."

"My triumph!" repeated Camille, not perceiving the allusion.

"Don't you see, I've become your disciple," replied the proprietor of Ribeauville. "I have reflected a great deal upon your reasonings, my dear fellow, and I see that Uncle Barker and you are right. Useless things we must certainly cut out of life. So, flowers and shrubs are in a garden what poems are in a library; and, as you said so well, what's the use of a poem, unless, indeed, to light the fire with, like my lilacs? But come along, come here and you'll see a great many other changes. I have made use of your absence, and hope you'll find reason to be pleased with me."

So saying, M. Berton took familiarly the arm of Camille, and brought him into the manor. The hall had been cleared of the curiosities with which it was formerly filled, and in their places were stands for canes and cloaks. In the salon, all the drawings and paintings had also disappeared, and the walls were completely bare. Square and simple furniture had been substituted for the chairs of Louis Treize fashion, the gothic trunks, and the *renaissance* sideboards.

M. Berton glanced at his son. "Now, then," said he, "you won't blame me this time with sacrificing to the frivolous marvels of art; our salon has, at length, no more than its four naked walls, the utility of which no one can contest. We can easily now make a place there to hang up our guns and bags of grain-samples, and a corner for our field-shoes."

Camille would fain have risked some objections, but his father at once closed his lips by recalling the anathema pronounced against dirty paper and painted canvasses, which had never been of any profit to humanity. Besides, the changes had not stopped there. The whole house had undergone the same transformation. That which had no end but to please the taste had been sacrified without pity. Everything left had a daily positive use. The agreeable had entirely given place to the necessary.

M. Berton, who showed this new organization of things with a certain pride, foretold Camille that he would not stop there. His parterre was to be converted into a poulty yard; his botanic garden into a manure store; what he would make of his observatory was not yet fixed—perhaps a windmill or a dove-cot.

Camille, stunned with the excessive reform, but stopped up by the very principles he had laid down himself, could neither approve nor blame. Wishing at length, by changing the subject, to get out of the embarrassment, he asked if there had been no letters from England to him.

"Sure enough, some were brought," said his father, "but as I knew you had no business there, I ordered them to be refused."

"What, really!" cried Camille, but I expected news from one of my best friends, who had promised to keep me informed of the progress of the Irish question."

"Bah!" replied M. Berton, with indifference; "what pleasure can you find in troubling yourself about things out of your reach? is not Ireland to you just pretty much what the stars used to be to me? Its revolutions cannot bring you in anything, nor can you influence them."

"But I have the interest of my sympathies," objected the young man.

"Of what use can they be to you or to Ireland?" asked M. Berton, quietly. "Do you think your reflections influence destiny, or that your wishes are of avail in her case?"

"Oh, I don't mean to assert that."

"Then the expense of postage is of no use to any one."

Camille bit his lips; he was beaten with his own weapons, and was all the more vexed in consequence. This rigorous application of his principles had an air of punishment. Becoming cross, he set himself, without attacking principles, to criticise in detail the changes proposed or accomplished. But M. Berton had foreseen all this, and was ready with a reply to every remark. In fine, Camille, having almost exhausted his objections, found that the parterre could not suit its new destination, as a poultry yard should be paved.

"Ay, my boy, you'r right," cried his father; "I have just what we'd need—a lot of flags of six feet."

"Where?" asked the young man.

"Oh, in the little cemetery, by the chapel, are the gravestones of the family, which, you know, are of no use."

"What!" cried Camille, you would turn them into pavement stones!"

"Why not! You surely don't stick to old stones, or interest yourself in extinct generations."

"Now indeed you go too far, father; you are not speaking seriously. You cannot believe that instincts, tastes, sentiments, should be regulated by the gross calculations of interest. You cannot wish that the soul should become a mere book of double columns of figures, where the highest total should decide. I understand all this now. It is a lesson."

"Or an example rather," said M. Berton, taking his son by the hand. "I wishdd to show whither uncle Barker's doctrines lead, and in what bareness we should be left by the mere abundance of useful things. Never forget the sacred sentence you have heard from childhood—*Man lives not by bread alone*; that is, by what is necessary for his material life merely. He needs besides all that sustains the soul, science, arts, poetry. What you call useless things, are precisely those which give value to useful things. The latter sustain life, the former make it desirable. Without them, the moral world would become like a meadow without verdure, flowers, or winged singers. One of the most distinctive differences which show man's elevation above the brute, is this very need of a superfluity of the immaterial. It proves our more exalted aspirations, our tending towards the infinite, and the existence of that portion of ourselves which seeks satisfaction beyond the world's apparent realities in the supreme joys of the ideal."

From the Boston Courier.

RAPOLOGY.

I doubt me, that you do not thoroughly believe the truth of this strange narration. Though you believe it not, I care not much: but an honest man, and of good judgment, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written. RABELAIS.

Many good people suppose that Rapology is a modern art, or a newly discovered science. No such thing. There have probably been spiritual rappings in every age of the world, though the records may be lost beyond the possibility of recovery. But ample testimony is at hand to show that the Rochester Knockings are only repetitions of those that happened more than a hundred and fifty years ago, with a new name. There is a learned work in the library of Harvard College, entitled "Sadducismus Triumphatus," written by Joselh Granville, Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles II., F. R. S., which contains a "Collection of Relations;" and from one of which, "The Compleat Narrative of the Dæmon of Tedworth," the following brief abstract is made:—

"In March, 1661, the people of a certain village near Tedworth, were exceedingly annoyed by an idle fellow, passing through the streets and beating a drum, pretending that he had a warrant, from proper authority, to travel up and down the country, and to demand money of the inhabitants. A Mr. Mompesson (Mr. M. let me call him for brevity sake,) discovered that his pass was a forgery, and thereupon commanded the vagrant to put away his drum, and charged the constable to take him before the next justice of the peace for further examination. The fellow confessed the cheat, but was suffered to go at large, and the drum was sent to Mr. M.'s house. Soon after the family were much disturbed by noises—knocking and drumming, in the night, at the outside of the door. Mr. M. went about the house with a brace of pistols in his hand, but discovered nothing. When he got back to his bed, there was thumping and drumming on the top of the house, which continued a good space, and then went off into the air. This thumping and drumming was usually continued five successive nights, and then it would intermit three. After a month's disturbance without, it came into the room where the drum lay, and continued five nights in seven. It continued in this room for the space of three months. Its approach was indicated by a hurling in the air over the house, and at its going off was like the beating of a drum at the breaking up of a guard.

Mrs. M. being in a peculiar condition, there was but little noise on the night she was taken ill, nor for three weeks after; but after this civil cessation, the drumming returned, and in a ruder manner than before, and vexed the children, beating their bedsteads with such violence, that all expected they would fall in pieces. For an hour together the dæmon would beat Roundheads and Cuckolds, the Tat-too, and Points of War, as well as any drummer. There would be a scratching under the children's beds, as if by something that had iron talons. Sometimes the children were lifted up in their beds, and followed by the noise from one room to another. At length they were removed to a cock-loft, where there had been no noise, but they were no sooner laid in their beds, but their troubler was with them as before.

On the 5th of November, 1661, there was a mighty noise, and a servant observed two boards in the children's room seeming to move—he bid the dæmon give him one of them; upon which the board (nothing moving it that he saw) came within a yard of him; the man said, *Nay, let me have it in my hand*; upon which it was shoved quite home to him, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times, till Mr. M. forbade his servant to be on such familiarities. This was in the day time, and seen by a whole room-full of people. That morning it left a sulphurous smell behind it, which was very offensive. At night the minister and several neighbors came to the house; the minister kneeled and prayed at the children's bed-side, where it was then very troublesome and loud. During the prayer, the dæmon withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as soon as the prayers were over, and then, in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. A "bed-staff" was thrown at the minister, and hit him on the leg, but *so favorably that a sack of wool could not fall more softly*, and it stopped just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

One of the most remarkable circumstances related of the freaks of this dæmon, is that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising evidence, no dog about the house would look or move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous, that it was heard at a distance in the fields and awakened the neighbors in the village. The servants were sometimes lifted up with their beds, and let gently down without hurt. When the drumming became less frequent, they heard a noise like the jingling of money,—occasioned, it was supposed, by Mr. M.'s mother having said that she should like it well, if some money might be left to make them amends for their trouble. The night after she made this remark, there was a great chinking of money all over the house. Then it began to employ itself in little apish and troublesome tricks. The night after Christmas it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her Bible in the ashes. It was always observed that it avoided a sword.

Once during the knocking, when several gentlemen were present, one of them said,—*Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no more;* which it did very distinctly and stopped. Then the gentleman knocked, to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not. For further trial and confirmation, he bid it, if it were the drummer, to give five knocks, and no more, that night. It did so, and left the house quiet all the night after. The spirits raised by Mr. Sunderland and his family in Boston, are not more obedient than this Tedworth dæmon. Doubtless they are all of one family.

One night, a smith in the village lay in the bed with Mr. M.'s man John; they heard a noise in the room, as if one had been shoeing a horse, and something came, as if it were with a pair of pinchers, snipping at the smith's nose, the greater part of the night. Another night it went into the bed where one of Mr. M.'s daughters lay, passing under her from side to side, and lifting her upon it, passed under. They endeavored to thrust at it with a sword, but it shifted places and avoided the instrument. The next night it came panting, like a dog out of breath, the room was presently filled with a noisome smell, and was very hot, though it was a short and severe winter, and the room without fire. It continued panting and scratching for an hour and a half, and then went into the next chamber, where it seemed to rattle a chain for several nights together.

These persections were continued with hardly any cessation for two or three years. Sometimes the spirit would not allow a lighted candle to remain in the children's chamber, but carry it up the chimney, while burning, or throw it under the bed. Nothing was ever seen except once, when it appeared at Mr. M.'s bed foot. He could not discover its exact shape and proportion, but he saw a great body with two red and glaring eyes, fixed steadily upon him for a long time. It put a long iron pike into Mr. M.'s bed, and a naked knife into his mother's. A gentleman who lay in the house had all his money turned black in his pockets. Mr. M. going one morning into the stable, found the horse he was wont to ride lying on the ground, with one of his hinder legs in his mouth, and so fastened there that it was difficult for several men to get it out with a lever.

The account goes on to say, "the drummer was tried at the assizes at Salisbury *on this* occasion," but which particular occasion it was is not specified. While he was in gaol, a man came to see him, and he asked, What news? The visiter said he knew of none. *No!* said the drummer. *Do you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?* That I do enough, said the other. *I* (quoth the drummer,) *have played him, and he shall never be quiet, till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum.* Upon information of this "the drummer was tried for a witch, and all the main circumstances," as related above, were sworn to by the minister of the parish and other intelligent and substantial witnesses, who had been eye and ear witnesses of them, for divers years together. The fellow was condemned to transportation, and was accordingly sent away; but (it was said, by raising storms and afrighting the seamen,) he made shift to get back again. "He had been a soldier under Cromwell, and talked much of gallant books he had of an old fellow, who was counted a wizzard."

The narrative, here abridged, occupies fifteen large octavo pages. It concludes with a learned argument, to prove that no abuse or deceit could have been practised in the matter. "It is true (says the writer) that when the gentlemen the king sent were there, the house was quiet, and nothing was seen or heard that night, which was confidently and with triumph urged by many as a confutation of the story. But 'twas bad logic to conclude in matters of fact from a single *negative*, and such a one against numerous *affirmatives*, and so affirm that a thing was never done, because not at such a particular time, and that nobody ever saw what this or that man did not. By the same reasoning, I may infer that there was never any robberies done on Hounslow Heath or Salisbury Plain, because I have often travelled those ways, and yet was never robbed."

If the *facts* above narrated should not be sufficient to convince this unbeliving generation, that Mr. Sunderland can produce spiritual rappings, let him confound the infidels with the logical conclusion of the "Saducismus Triumphata."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——Written on a man who first kept a School, and next a public-house, and failed in both:

"Extremities don't pay, I've tried 'em twice:
I've retailed virtue, and I've wholesaled vice."

——Howard, the Philosopher.—We have the following description by Edmund Burke, of this great and good man, and some of our pseudo-philanthropists would do well to study it:—"I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labors and his writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of all mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples—not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; it is as full of genius as humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labor is felt, more or less, in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own."

——How to Manufacture a "Miracle."—A correspondent of the *Times* gives the following hints for Romanists miracle-mongers: "Take an oil-painting of a wounded man, cover the back of the canvas with pitch, cut out a portion of the latter immediately behind the part depicted as a wound, pierce the canvass at that part with several stabs of a cobler's awl from back to front, place in the opening made by the removed pitch a piece of sponge saturated with blood, thinned with water, cover the opening with a plug of pitch, the application of a hot iron removing the appearance of a seam round the plug. The 'miracle' may now be worked by gentle pressure either from behind or in front of the pictured wound, which, squeezing the sponge, causes the bloody liquid to exude through the holes made by the cobler's awl, and trickle out in the most natural and surprising manner to the edification of all beholders. This 'miracle' is capable of being produced by other means, but upon the same principle. The application of a white handkerchief to the wound, and with some pressure, will assist in establishing the 'miracle'

——Original Portrait of the late Dr. Channing.—In a note appended to the third volume of the "Memoir of Dr. Channing," the editor, Mr. W. H. Channing, refers to "the portraits and engravings of Dr. C. now in existence," and describes some paintings by Allston, S. Gambardella, and two or three other artists. But there is an entire omission of one, painted by Flagg, a relative of Dr. C.'s wife, and nephew of Allston. Dr. Channing's last illness compelled the artist to leave the picture unfinished, the head only being completed. Many intimate friends of Dr. C. consider it the most faithful of any of the later likenesses taken of him. Mrs. M. W. Chapman, of Boston, thus describes it:—"It is absolutely the best resemblance extant of what that admired man was during the last dozen years of his life; the same look of ill-health approaching to ghastliness; the feebleness in the mouth, and cold strength in the upper part of the face, particularly in the eyes, where it always seemed as if life triumphed over death." This portrait was never in possession of Dr. Channing's family. It fell, together with others by the same artist, into the hands of F. Alexander, Esq., of Boston, who presented it to a lady of that city, by whom it was given to the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, for the benefit of the Abolition cause. It is now the property of Mr. J. B. Estlin, of Bristol.

——Goethe.—*Goethe Living:* The Living Goethe was again there; I again heard the peculiarly charming sound of his voice, to which no other can compare. I saw him again in the evening, with his black frock and star, jesting, laughing, and cheerfully conversing amid the social circle in his well-lighted room. Another day, when the weather was fine, he was with me in the carriage in his brown surtout and blue cloth cap, with his light gray cloak laid over his knees; there he was, with his countenance brown and healthy as the fresh air; his words freely flowing forth, and sounding above the noise of the wheels. Or I saw myself in the evening by the quiet taper light again transported into his study, where he sat opposite to me at his table, in his white flannel dressing-gown, mild as the impression of a well-spent day. We talked about things good and great: he set before me the noblest part of his own nature, and his mind kindled my own—the most perfect harmony existed between us. He extended his hand to me across the table, and I pressed it: I then took a full glass which stood by me, and which I drank to him without uttering a word, my glances being directed into his eyes across the wine. *Goethe dead.* The morning after Goethe's death, a deep desire seized me to look once again upon his earthly garment. His faithful servant, Frederic, opened for me the chamber in which he was laid out. Stretched upon his back, he reposed as if asleep; profound peace and security reigned in the features of his sublimely noble countenance. The mighty brow seemed yet to harbor thoughts. I wished for a lock of his hair; but reverence prevented me from cutting it off. The body lay naked, only wrapped in a white sheet; large pieces of ice had been placed near it to keep it fresh as long as possible. Frederic drew aside the sheet, and I was astonished at the divine magnificence of the limbs. The breast was powerful, broad, and arched; the arms and thighs were full, and softly muscular; the feet were elegant, and of the most perfect shape; nowhere, on the whole body, was there a trace either of fat or of leanness and decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me; and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart; there was a deep silence, and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears. — *Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.*

——London Signs.—Few casual observers are perhaps aware of the curious origin of many of the shop and public house signs, and a still smaller number remember when most shopkeepers displayed signs, which projected far into the streets, with iron supports, and upon which large sums were expended. It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1770, that the signs exhibited upon Ludgate Hill cost several hundred pounds. In a paper (No. 28) of the *Spectator*, written by Addison, and in alluding to this ancient custom, he mentions the sign of a goat before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword cutler's. In the sixth plate of Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness," the sign of West and Goodchild, who are silk weavers, is a rampant lion with a cornucopia on either side. In the same artist's plate of "Noon," the cook's shop has a Baptist's head; and in the plate of "Night," in the same series, the sign of the barber's shop is, besides his pole, a hand drawing a tooth, the head being in exquisite pain, having written underneath, "shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch—*Ecce signum.*" The well-known sign of the "Good Woman," which is a woman without a head, was a common emblem at oil shops, and it is supposed to have been originally started from a large oil jar, fancifully painted, so as to resemble a headless woman; and at the present day it is very frequently seen over the door, by way of sign. At ironmonger's shops, a dog licking a porridge-pot was the usual sign: an instance might, a short time ago, be seen at a large ironmonger's in the Blackfriars Road. The barber's pole, likewise, is one of the few remaining shop signs, and one which has caused much antiquarian discussion; it is supposed to represent (when barbers were surgeons also) the bleeding-stick, the black stripes being the tape wound round it. As recently as seventy years since, and perhaps even later, the shops in London displayed signs swinging across the streets, but from their impeding the free circulation of air they were taken down and placed against the houses, and were, after a time, superseded by the present fashion, of the name and business being painted on the front.—*The Builder.*

——The late Mr. Roscoe.—A friend has sent us (*Athenæum*) a notice of the death of Mr. Robert Roscoe—the third son of the historian—which took place a few days ago, in his sixty-first year. For some time, this gentleman followed the profession of the law, in partnership with the late Mr. Edgar Taylor; but he retired from active life, in consequence of infirm health, many years ago. Like all the members of the Roscoe family, he had more than literary taste: literary powers, which an unusual amount of self-distrust prevented his exercising largely. But he claims notice in a journal like ours, not merely as the son of an eminent father, but in right of one or two tasks performed by himself. The completion of Mr. Fitchett's huge epic of "Alfred" was done by him in fulfilment of a promise. A boyish effort of "Chevy Chase" is spoken of with praise; and that his devotional poems were of high quality in the school to which they belong, the friend to whom we are indebted for this notice enables us to prove by a specimen:—

Sonnet.

"O not in fear, great Author of my days?
I lift my voice to Thee—Oh, not in fear!—
But as a babe, within the refuge dear
Of its fond mother's breast its weak head lays,
Asks not in prayer, nor tells its thanks and praise;
Yet finds support and comfort ever near,
Its gratitude a smile—its pray'r a tear,
And still receiving gladness, still repays.—
Thus, in the bosom of thy tender care,
I rest, O God! this perishable dust;
Silent and blessed—nor with praise and pray'r
Profane my pure, unalterable trust;
Where'er I am, enough that Thou art there."

——Tale of a Stork.—"I must tell you about his stork. You should know that there are a great many storks in this country, and that it is thought a very wicked thing to hurt them. They make their nests, which are as large as a great clothes basket, upon the houses and churches, and frequently when a house or church is built, a wooden frame is made on the top for the storks to build in. Out of one of these nests a young stork had fallen, and somebody, wishing to keep him in a garden, cut one of his wings. The stork tried to fly, but fell in Mr. Bilderdijk's garden, and was found there one morning almost dead; his legs and his bill had lost their color, and were grown pale, and he would soon have died if Mrs. Bilderdijk, who is kind to everybody and everything, had not taken care of him, as we do of the dumbeldores when they have been in the house all night. She gave him food, and he recovered. The first night they put him into a sort of summer-house in the garden, which I cannot describe to you, because I have not yet been there; the second night he walked to the door himself that it might be opened for him. He was very fond of Lodowijk, and Lodowijk was as fond of his *oyevaar*, which is the name for stork in Dutch, though I am not sure that I have spelled it rightly, and they used to play together in such a manner that his father says it was a pleasure to see them; for a stork is a large bird, tall and upright, almost as tall as you are, or quite. The oyevaar was a bad gardener; he ate snails, but with his great broad foot he did a great deal of mischief, and destroyed all the strawberries and many of the smaller vegetables. But Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdijk did not mind this, because the oyevaar loved Lodowijk, and therefore they loved the oyevaar, and sometimes they used to send a mile out of town to buy eels for him, when none could be had in Leyden.

"The very day I came to their house the stork flew away. His wings were grown, and most likely he thought it time to get a wife and settle in life. Lodowijk saw him rise up in the air and fly away. Lodowijk was very sorry, not only because he loved the oyevaar, but because he was afraid the oyevaar would not be able to get his own living, and therefore would be starved. On the second evening, however, the stork came again and pitched upon a wall near. It was in the twilight, and storks cannot see at all when it is dusk; but whenever Lodowijk called *Oye! oye!* (which was the way he used to call him), the oyevaar turned his head towards the sound. He did not come into the garden. Some fish was placed there for him, but in the morning he was gone, and had not eaten it; so we suppose that he is married, and living very happily with his mate, and that now and then he will come and visit the old friends who were so good to him."—*Southey's Life.*

——Poland as it is.—There is no nation of